RAL LIBR...
V. OF MICH.

The New Statesman and Nation, July 5, 1941

AUG 11 1941

SHAW, WINTRINGHAM and LASKI on U.S.S.R.

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXII. No. 541 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1941 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	1
THE STRATEGY OF PROPAGANDA	3
TOWARDS FRIENDSHIP WITH THE SOVIET UNION. By Harold J. Laski	4
CIVIL DEFENCE	5
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	6
MASS MIND. By Sagittarius	7
THIS ENGLAND	7
MINDING THE BABY. By Y. Y.	8
IS THIS A RECORD? By Allan M. Laing	9
THE TROLLS. By Louis MacNeice	9
TWO VIEWS ON RUSSIA AND THE WAR. By G. Bernard Shaw and Tom Wintringham	10
CORRESPONDENCE	11
T. Balogh; D. N. Pritt, K.C., M.P.; J.; William Rust; Norman Leys; Stefan Osusky; Unknown Czech Soldier; Sir John Maynard; Alan J. Sainsbury.	
BETTER TIMES. By Rough Galley	13
PLAYS AND PICTURES	13
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	14
REVIEWS:	Page
Auden Meditates. By G. W. Stonier	16
New Novels. By Anthony West	16
The British Constitution. By Harold J. Laski	18
One of Our Masters. By Flora Grierson	20
A Plan for Victory. By Quentin Bell	20
A Good Book	22
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	22
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Urbanus	23

THE LETTER "V"

ON Wednesday night a Voice on the wireless described the growing use of the V sign among the conquered peoples of the Continent. It may stand for victory or for freedom; in any case it is the symbol of the people's struggle against their Nazi and Fascist conquerors. It may be outlined on the bumper of a Nazi car or scribbled on the wall of a barracks; it may sound in morse in the postman's knock or be recognised in the rhythm of the Vth Symphony. On the same night, the French programme accounted story after story of the successful use in France of the V sign—men knocking, laughing, calling waiters, sounding locomotive whistles, ringing church-bells in the morse rhythm. Here is a symbol for the common struggle which, since the attack on the Soviet Union, gains a new significance and new possibilities. Everywhere to-day the worker knows that the Nazis are the true enemies of the working class; sabotage and the spirit of revolt will spread whether under the sign of the V or of the hammer and sickle. These symbols of emancipation must coalesce, not clash. We publish to-day several important contributions dealing with the possibilities of this necessary co-operation. Mr. Bernard Shaw explains himself with his usual agility. Mr. H. J. Laski makes suggestions for Anglo-Soviet collaboration. We call particular attention to the views of Mr. Tom Wintringham, whose communication is addressed mainly to Communists.

Neutrals and Allies

Hitler of course has gained various allies by his attack on Russia. Hungary, Slovakia and Rumania are formally at war with Russia. Finland has joined in. General Mannerheim has issued a call to a "Holy War against our national enemy" Sweden, for long helpless in the Nazi jaws, has now felt the first crunch of the teeth. She has been forced to permit the transit of a German division from Norway to Finland and pitiably explained this as due to her special relationship with Finland, and, moreover, as but a "slight deviation" from independent neutrality. Turkey was reported by the *Times* as "certainly and overwhelmingly anti-Russian, if not pro-German"; but after a flurry of diplomatic interviews, in one of which von Papen suggested that if Britain contracted out of the war at this point Germany might give her a free hand in Western Europe, the Turks have relapsed, with the approval of the Turko-German Pact, into their uneasy and precarious neutrality. Vichy has docilely severed relations with Russia, and anti-Russian volunteers are being recruited by the Cagoulards. Spain is under pressure. A demonstration outside the British Embassy was led by a German camera-van and shepherded by Swastika'd cars. General Franco has shown great skill in passive resistance to the Falangist war-mongers, but it is doubtful if he can oppose a crusade against Bolshevism. "*Arriba*" is running a campaign for volunteers under a manifesto by the Falange secretary Arrese.

On the other side, Mr. Churchill's admirably prompt declaration of support for Russia against aggression has been followed by a long series of statements in the same sense from the United States, Australia, India and South Africa, also from the "Free Allies" Poland, Norway, the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg, Rumania and Hungary. All of them said that their Nations abhorred Communism, but that they were united with any country fighting Nazi Germany. Most significant of all were two letters in the *Times* from Prince Vsevolode of Russia and M. E. Sabline, a representative of the White Russian refugees. The Prince wrote: "We are fighting a common foe and I feel that all Slav races should now unite to rid the world of Nazism." By way of reply to the delusion that religion is suppressed in the U.S.S.R. comes the news from Moscow that the churches were packed with people praying for the Russian fatherland, and that the Patriarch is calling the people to defend their country.

The American Communists have now clearly declared themselves for the war. There have been Gestapo arrests in Bulgaria: there is bound to be a strong addition to resistance in France, and especially in the Paris area. On the other hand, Catholics, who have seldom been equally shocked by the Nazi persecution of religion and the Caesar-worship of Fascism, have been carefully trained to an extreme horror of atheist Communism. In Britain Miss Barbara Ward, for the progressive Catholic movement, the "Sword of the Spirit," has written

to define the question not as one of beliefs, but simply of resistance to the Nazi aim of world conquest; and in the U.S.A. a number of priests have taken the same line. The "Catholic War Veterans Incorporated," however, has declared against aid to Bolshevism. The Pope, on the 29th, gave satisfaction to neither side. He said: "We ask, 'How can God allow such horrors?' Christ replied to this question through St. Peter, 'Thy ways are not My ways'." It was necessary to trust in God and to rely on Divine justice. This is not a condemnation of the nations which are causing the world's misery; but neither is it a yielding to the heavy pressure exerted by the Axis upon His Holiness to declare against aid to Godless Russia. The United States pursue their policy of aid unmoved by Mr. Hoover's gibe that this is the end of President Roosevelt's policy of the Four Freedoms. Japan, after a series of Cabinet Councils, has announced herself "vigilant, prepared and independent."

The Russian Front

From the results, so far disclosed, of nearly a fortnight's intensive fighting on the series of "fronts" which stretch, with intervals, from Murmansk to the Danube Delta, two provisional conclusions can be drawn. The primary aim of German strategy appears to be to smash the Russian centre: Russian resistance has frustrated German hopes of a lightning victory. Whatever the eventual outcome of the campaign may be, it will involve for Germany an immense cost in blood and material. The situation on the immense battle front is dubious and rapidly changing. The Russians have learnt the lesson of defence in depth—what about a Russian military mission to this country?—and even where the German panzer divisions have penetrated far into Russia the battle continues unabated behind the lines.

A significant and hopeful factor in the situation on Tuesday was that the German communiqués (notably the theatricalised and twice-postponed announcement last Sunday) differ sharply in their flamboyant style and lack of factual precision from the objective and generally accurate reports issued during the campaigns against Poland and France. The struggle is clearly proving stiffer than the German public is thought likely to find palatable; and German claims that the U.S.S.R. lost over 4,000 aircraft in the first week are probably a gross exaggeration. The real questions—apart from the fate of the Russian forces threatened with encirclement in the centre—are, first, whether the U.S.S.R. can for long maintain supplies adequate, on such a vast front, for a war waged at the present terrific tempo, and, secondly, whether the *Luftwaffe* is succeeding in crippling Russian lines of communication and preventing the concentration and deployment of the immense resources theoretically at the U.S.S.R.'s disposal. To neither question can an answer yet be given.

The Middle East Command

The reorganisation of command in the Middle East has not unnaturally perplexed the public. Not merely had General Wavell the complete destruction of the Italian armies in Africa to his credit; he had not long ago been hailed by the Prime Minister as a "master of the art of warfare," and had been "built up" by the press into a national figure—the one general with whose name the public was familiar. It is tempting, but fruitless, to speculate on the reasons which led to his sudden relegation to Simla; whether there was personal friction between Commander-in-Chief and Prime Minister, whether the Cabinet blamed Wavell for opposing (if he did) the Greek adventure, for losing (as a result, it may be, of that semi-political decision) all our gains in Cyrenaica, or whether the General had been made the scapegoat for both military and political sins of omission in Crete and Syria—these are matters on which future historians of this war will have to pronounce. All that can be said to-day is that once more a Commander in the field has fallen foul of the Government at home. A question of possibly greater moment for the future is the part which Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, as Minister of State "in detachment" at Cairo is to play in Middle Eastern affairs. In so far as he is to deal with questions of supply and transport in relation to the Dominions and India, on whose production the M.E.F. largely depends, the energetic ex-President of the Board of Trade may be relied on to do a good job. But has he, in fact, a much wider charter? Will he, as representative on the spot of the War Cabinet, exercise supreme authority over the whole field of para-military warfare, including our propaganda and diplomatic relations with Egypt, Iraq, Iran and both the Free and Vichy French? If so, Mr. Lyttelton may be handicapped by his lack of knowledge of the Middle East, and his relations (in the role of super-political-commissar) with both the Commander-in-Chief and H.M. Ministers will be delicate. Mr. Churchill's refusal on Wednesday to give Parliament any explanation of this unusual appointment was extremely ill-judged. To ask for information is not to criticise.

Home Front (*By an Industrial Correspondent*)

The choice of Lord Beaverbrook to take charge of the Ministry of Supply is a clear sign that the Government is short of men of "push and go." At the Ministry of Aircraft Production last summer Lord Beaverbrook showed very plainly both his merits and his defects. His merit was most of all that he knew how to hustle; and he did, in fact, manage to get a remarkable number of planes turned out during his first few months in office. His weakness was that he was fundamentally unco-operative and quite ruthless in seizing supplies which had been earmarked for other departments. Getting planes was his job, and he got on with it, regardless of the effects of his methods on the output of tanks or guns, or any sort of war equipment that was not under the auspices of M.A.P. This quality made his choice as "referee" between the conflicting claims of the various departments a very curious one; and it may be all to the good that he is no longer on that job. But as Supply Minister he will find his task much more complicated than what he had to do at M.A.P.; for Supply is not really one Ministry, but a whole bundle, at present very loosely co-ordinated. Lord Beaverbrook's first job will now be to impose some sort of order on the various "Controls," which have hitherto acted in almost complete independence of the Minister; and he will also have to get contract arrangements on to a sounder basis, so as to reduce the great waste of time that occurs at present. The general control of priorities is assumed by the Prime Minister, presumably with and by the advice of his Statistical Department. The position of Mr. Bevin between these two active personalities becomes even less enviable than it was before. But he has no right to complain; the present turn is at least partly due to his failure to use his power last summer to control both labour and property. We wish we could feel hopeful that Lord Beaverbrook will go to the root of the difficulty, by abolishing the contract system altogether, at any rate for the big firms, and taking them over lock, stock and barrel "for the duration." But his policy at M.A.P. holds out no hopes of this sort. Presumably, Lord Beaverbrook continues to believe in the merits of private enterprise, even under war conditions. If that is so, he may yet make big improvements at the Ministry of Supply; but he will not succeed in getting things really right.

* * *

Sir Andrew Duncan goes back to the Board of Trade, replacing Capt. Lyttelton, who has been mainly responsible for the policy of "industrial concentration." It will be interesting to see what Sir Andrew does, and especially how he tackles the really difficult problem of concentration in the distributive trades. Sir Andrew's instincts must be all in favour of large-scale, rationalised industry; in this field he has gained his experience, and made his name. Since the concentration of industries began the basic decisions affecting the future of British Industry are made in the Board of Trade. It is significant that Sir Andrew, who represents the outlook of the F.B.I., now moves to that department. Here his special knowledge is less likely to speed things up, for neither at Supply nor during his earlier period at the Board of Trade did he show himself a quick mover in war economics when it came to be a matter of scaling down exports or cutting home consumption which used up materials and skilled labour needed for the war effort.

* * *

The Trade Unions are up in arms against the fire-watching order, and are pressing strongly for its amendment. They take objection to it as an enforcement of unpaid labour; and it is undoubtedly most unpopular with workers who want to be with their wives and families in a *blitz*. The Trade Union view is that fire-watching of factories ought to be a regular paid job like other indispensable emergency services. The T.U.C. General Council especially resents the fact that the compulsory fire-watching order was made without prior consultation with the Unions. This was brought out at the National Conference of Trades Unions last week-end. On the other hand, loud protests against the Essential Work Order got no support from the T.U.C. leaders, who defended it as an indispensably necessary war measure, though agreeing that some of its details ought to be amended.

* * *

Mr. Ford, or rather the Ford Company, has signed its first collective agreement—with one of the constituent unions of the Congress of Industrial Organisations. This is indeed a portent; Ford has been easily the most determined of all the great anti-union employers. I do not suppose that the mere signing means the battle is over; for real recognition of Trade Unionism involves a great deal more than

signing a bit of paper. It involves dealing collectively with the workers in the shops through their chosen spokesman, *not* employing spies in the factories or factory towns, *not* finding ways of victimising men who take a leading part in Union activity, *not* beating up labour organisers, and a whole lot more that will go badly against the grain with the Ford management. Still, the signing is the first step; and it is also an indication that the recent occupations of factories by Federal troops, the breaking up of picket lines, and the fierce noises against strikers do not mean that Roosevelt has altered his policy of Union recognition. One wonders whether, both in the United States and here, the attack of Hitler on the Soviet Union will cause the Communists to do a *volte-face* in industrial policy, and stop making strikes. Here, possibly, more than in America, where the anti-union spirit is so strong that the workers must often strike in order to enforce even a minimum of recognition.

The Cabinet Changes (*by a Parliamentary Correspondent*)

Members generally approved the appointment of Lord Beaverbrook as Minister of Supply, but this partial reorganisation does not remove the disquiet about the many defects in our war effort which continue to force themselves on their notice. Indeed, the appointment of Lord Beaverbrook as Minister of Supply, in one sense, is a backward step. As Minister of State he was free from the administrative details inherent in the control of a department. Most Members believe that the only satisfactory solution of the administrative difficulties of bringing the war effort up to maximum efficiency is a small War Cabinet of Ministers free from departmental duties, with the time to give adequate consideration to policies and to check up on their speedy execution. As a result of Beaverbrook's new post this vitally necessary reform appears farther off than ever.

For months past the critics have been told that production is satisfactory, that they were running round criticising when, in fact, the Government had stoked up the boilers and were raising a full head of steam. Now, after the lapse of months, the critics, who are now to be found on every bench in the House, feel that the justice of their criticism is admitted. The ruthless drive and peculiar methods of Beaverbrook are found by the Prime Minister to be necessary to overcome defects in the Ministry of Supply.

Another comment made by Members is that, apart from himself, the Prime Minister seems to have little faith in the administrative powers of any other member of his team except Beaverbrook. Is there no other Minister capable of imparting drive to the war effort? If not, the time has come to look farther afield. Members are keenly appreciative of the value of the lull given us by Hitler's preoccupation with Russia. They demand that the fullest use should be made of this breathing space.

No one in the House underestimates the task to which Beaverbrook has set his hand. As one personality with great experience in the last war and in this one recently said, the tragedy of this country is that we relied on our experience of the last war. On the basis of this experience we set out to plan for this war, and we are not good at planning. We plan all wrong. Beaverbrook's fundamental problem is that war production is planned to be undertaken in large factories which have had to be built since the outbreak of war and equipped with automatic tools. These factories have to be manned as well. That means training and movements of population. Whereas the sub-contracting system was designed to bring into war production existing smaller industrial units, it is not making by any means the best use of them. If he is to be successful in obtaining a quick upward surge in output Beaverbrook will have in large measure to replan production on an area basis, so that the fullest use is made of existing industrial capacity. He will also be compelled to deal ruthlessly with the many vested interests firmly ensconced in the Ministry of Supply which too often confuse their own narrow sectional interests with the wider national interest. Duncan's failure to achieve the possible is probably due to his failure to appreciate this point as much as anything. In going to the Board of Trade, he will be confronted by the difficult problems of vested interests involved in the concentration of industry. What Lyttelton's appointment in the Near East means, no one pretends to know. Perhaps the Prime Minister's statement on these changes may dispel misgivings. Members are also irritated by the fact that once again, this time through the mouth of Col. Knox, the people of this country and the rest of the world learn of the serious state of our shipping position from an American Minister, and not from a member of the British Government. Secret sessions do not hide the facts from the enemy, which is the main excuse for holding them. The facts come out anyhow. They merely lull the people of this country into a false sense of security by withholding facts from them.

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS allow only the publisher or newsagent with a permit to post printed matter to certain countries. Readers are free to post to any part of the British Empire (excepting Eire and Northern Ireland) and to any country of the American Continent (excepting dependencies of enemy-occupied countries) but are advised to consult a Post Office or a newsagent before attempting to post elsewhere.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

STRATEGY OF PROPAGANDA

THE crisis in the Ministry of Information arises at a moment when there is most need for a strong Minister with a propaganda policy for Britain. Mr. Duff Cooper is not a strong Minister and the Government has given him neither a policy to put forward—for policy and propaganda are one—nor the powers to make it effective if the policy existed. We need a propaganda executive, in continuous session, to think out and give directives so that opportunities are seized as they arise and new situations do not take us by surprise. But no changes in machinery will make much difference unless those in charge understand the sort of war we are fighting and the forces on which we can rely in a war against Fascism. In this huge and confused war we cannot expect complete consistency in British propaganda; the feelings of allies of very different political complexions have to be considered. But to avoid treading on the toes of some whom we cannot afford to alienate is not the same thing as failing to appeal to our friends. Mr. Churchill's speech promising full co-operation with the U.S.S.R. was a great piece of propaganda. It places us at once on the side of the working-class victims of Nazis and Fascists everywhere. It should mean that we are no longer lunatics expecting help against Fascism from Fascist dictators and hirelings. But this lead must be followed in a daily practice of propaganda. The problem is complicated by questions of prejudice and personnel. We should now be done with the influences which have prevented an effective appeal to the anti-Fascist masses of the world and which attempted to cultivate friendly relations with groups which, since they are not at heart anti-Fascist, will always in the long run let us down. Though some Roman Catholics are the genuine friends of democracy, the tendency of Catholicism, often installed in key positions in this country, has been in part responsible for the obvious futility of much of our policy and propaganda. To take only two examples: until the moment when Mussolini chose to go to war, Britain was still currying favour with the Fascist Government of Italy, while it was not until Germany was ready to use the arms of the Vichy Government against us that British policy was prepared to admit the obvious orientation of the government dominated by Admiral Darlan. Judging from speeches made since the attack on Russia we should say that to-day Conservatives, as a whole, are far more realistic and ready to recognise the implication of our joint fight with the Soviet Union than some orthodox Labour circles, which have long been far more concerned with fighting "Reds" than with working for Socialism or opposing the forces of reaction in Europe.

Among common people of every sort Mr. Churchill's speech evoked overwhelming support. No one in bus, factory or public-house complained that we were, in effect, the ally of godless Russia; everyone welcomed the Soviet Union as a friend in a common cause and expressed the anxious hope that the Russian troops could withstand the Nazi advance. Even those who felt most bitterly about Stalin's war on Finland and his pact with Germany in 1939, and who have expressed detestation of his purges, agreed with Mr. Churchill that we were now the allies of the Russian people and that the past must be forgotten.

Is it not time to overhaul our propaganda to meet the new situation? Much of our propaganda still seems completely inconsistent with Mr. Churchill's declaration; some of it still appears to be based on the thesis of *The British Case*, which was written by the late Lord Lloyd, with an approving preface by Lord Halifax. People have forgotten its fulsome praise of Mussolini and "the official Fascist Labour Charter "which we should and do admire." But have we altogether discarded the conception in this astonishing book that the right grouping for the world is the British Commonwealth, Christian-Fascist Europe and a devoted Islam, backed by the wealth of the American pluto-democracy, to stand in alliance against Nazism and its godless ally in the East? Now that we are on the same side as the godless ally (which, by the way, seems to be by no means godless), it is surely time that we had a Minister with the understanding and the powers to make it clear that Britain offers to lead towards social emancipation and not towards a more gentlemanly variant of the Fascist state. Mr. Eden has recently presented British policy in a more favourable light. But if the world is to believe the fine things that he has said, his speech must be followed by concrete evidence that our faces are now firmly set in the right direction.

Let us take a few examples. Reports lie before us of the effects of our propaganda over the vast area from Iraq and the Persian Gulf to Singapore. They show that a large number of Arabs listen to foreign broadcasts; that British broadcasts, in the earlier days

of the war at least, have commonly included items which are to Arabs quite meaningless, and that they contrast adversely with the expert and well-considered propaganda from Germany. No one can say how far events in Iraq or in Iran have been influenced by broadcasting, but there is no doubt that German penetration in the Near East owes much to Dr. Goebbels, and that the assumption that the Arab world was in 1941 much as it was in the days of Lawrence has gravely impaired Britain's position. We stand, as Miss Freya Stark writes in the *Times*, for the rule of the elderly Sunni clique in Iraq and for an unfulfilled promise of emancipation in Syria. Have we shown that our intentions are, in fact, no longer imperialist? Fighting side by side with Russia we may now gain credence if we confirm our words by our actions and direct our propaganda to the right quarters.

Berlin war news is a great attraction to Indian listeners. The listening public in India must not be judged by the number of Indians with radio sets, since considerable groups of Indians listen-in to every private set and coffee-shop set. Too often these groups of Indians prefer the racy style of Berlin to the British solemnity. Anyone who follows British broadcasting to India will readily understand why. British bulletins to India have included comments on the death of such celebrities as Ethel M. Dell, and on the valuable contribution to British defence afforded by a group of Australian footballers who filled some sandbags before sailing for their homes. Before the war, and even after it, British broadcasting to India consisted almost exclusively of British music hall, café orchestra music and sentimental talks, in spite of the fact that Indians dislike European music and think music-hall entertainment vulgar. Plenty of educated Indians would welcome serious talks on literature and other topics which recognise their equality of interests. The Germans, who have made a special study of India, well understand how to meet Indian tastes and susceptibilities. Even after a Hindustani service from the B.B.C. was established the usual news service was a literal translation into Hindustani of the overseas English bulletin, which consists of innumerable items which mean nothing at all to Indian listeners and which omit all the problems which would attract the attention of the Indian public. The average Indian wants a racy programme in his own tongue about things which concern him. No oriental translator, however experienced and adept, can produce this effect if he has to translate at speed an English news bulletin.

To-day Britain has an opportunity which may never recur. Hitler has finally shown himself the enemy of the working-class everywhere. So far, in this war the German worker, bored though he may have been by Dr. Goebbels, has at least been able to mutter to himself that Hitler had made friends with Russia and that in a war between British capitalism and Germany he would prefer the victory of his own country. There is already evidence that the war with Russia is thoroughly unpopular amongst the German working-class. The worker in Paris and other countries under Nazi control has felt a similar apathy. He hated the Nazis, but saw no reason to love Britain. But the attack on Russia and Britain's promise of full support gives him an immediate incentive to work against Germany. To-day our allies, if we will have them, are the politically conscious German workers; the factory hands working under German masters in Poland, Czechoslovakia, France and other occupied territories; and the Balkan peasants who have always looked to Russia as a saviour against the Germans. These people do not necessarily or even often love Stalin, but Russia stands to them as the symbol of emancipation. They see in Hitler's latest invasion proof positive that he stands, not, as Dr. Goebbels has repeated *ad nauseam* during the last year, for a New Order of social justice against pluto-democracy, but for a European Fascism based on the degradation and slavery of the working classes everywhere. Here, if we have the will and the understanding, is Britain's opportunity. Whether, while the strength of the *Luftwaffe* is in the East, it is possible now to begin invasions in the West of Europe, to take these oppressed peoples bread and arms and offer them military aid—this must be a matter for the expert to decide. Side by side with such expeditions, if they are possible, and to add emphasis to the bombing of Germany's industries and arsenals in the West, Britain should begin an intensive propaganda finally to discredit the German claim to stand for the forces of the new world against the dominance of finance capitalism; we should show that we ourselves are ceasing to be a pluto-democracy and that we have begun to be, in fact, what we have long been in theory, the champions of the genuinely democratic idea against the most monstrous tyranny with which the world has ever been faced. The Soviet Union is now itself broadcasting the most admirable propaganda; its appeals to the German forces, to Austrians, to Sudetens, to Youth everywhere and especially to French workers, are conceived on broadly human and not on Party lines. Every worker in Europe to-day knows that Hitler has invaded the stronghold and Mecca of the working-class; that fact should dominate all British propaganda. We need a Minister who can understand that, and a propaganda Department with the powers, the knowledge and courage to make that propaganda effective.

TOWARDS FRIENDSHIP WITH THE SOVIET UNION

IT is part of the real greatness of the Prime Minister as the leader of this nation in war that he knows how to keep his mind on the main objective. His speech of June 22nd will rank as one of his outstanding contributions to the war effort because, at a stroke, it decisively altered the proportions of the Anglo-Russian problem. It built a partnership in war; thereby it made possible—I do not claim more—a partnership in peace. It is not necessary to be blind to Mr. Churchill's prejudices and faults to recognise that he is one of the very few democratic leaders in the world to-day who knows how to take supreme advantage of a great opportunity.

He has taken a great initiative; thereby he has done much to dissipate the poisonous miasma which has surrounded Anglo-Russian relations for something like ten years. Our problem is the full utilisation of the initiative he and his colleagues have taken. On any showing, a victory against Hitler in this war leaves the future peace of the world in the hands of three powers—Britain, the Soviet Union, and the United States. To the building of that peace their common understanding is essential. Without it, all the immense possibilities of victory may be frittered away because, with the removal of the common danger, we cease to hold the great ends of life in common. And it is urgent for us to recognise that there are powerful forces in the world, economic, religious, political, which will do all they can, before victory if possible, and certainly after it, to prevent a common understanding. That way, quite frankly, lies disaster. The experience of Versailles ought to convince us that we must hang together or else we shall hang separately.

It seems to me, therefore, that on the basis of the great initiative Mr. Churchill and his colleagues have taken—an initiative strongly supported by President Roosevelt—that we need to develop a programme of mutual understanding that the temporary alliance may be converted into a permanent partnership. Such a programme involves two aspects—that of the short run and that of the long run. The first implies an undertaking which, at the moment, is a matter for the Soviet Union and Great Britain only, that the government of neither state will make a peace in which the other does not concur. It implies also a tripartite pact of mutual security against aggression in the post-war world. Such an undertaking and such a pact will, I believe, do more than anything else to convince the Soviet Union that her security is threatened not by a vague entity called the capitalist system but quite specifically by the anti-Comintern powers only. They should be concluded swiftly; *bis dat qui cito dat*. The conference of a sense of security upon the Soviet Union will, as victory comes, provide, as nothing else will provide, the means whereby its processes of dictatorship may be translated into processes of democracy.

The long-term programme is a more complicated matter. For almost a generation the Soviet Union has been largely cut off from any profound cultural contacts with Europe and America. Relationships have suffered badly from the uncritical enthusiast, on the one hand, and the uncompromising enemy on the other. Debates on the Russian experiment are usually conflicts in which one side sees nothing but the vision of Utopia, and the other side nothing but the spectacle of Dante's nethermost hell. What is important is that all of us should develop a sense of proportion in these matters. Nothing in Britain or the United States is as ugly as the average Communist makes it out to be; and nothing in the Soviet Union has the unadulterated perfection which characterises, to take an obvious example, the picture drawn by the Dean of Canterbury. But what is unquestionable is the immense amount we and the Americans have to learn from the Soviet Union, and the immense amount the Soviet Union can, in its turn, learn from ourselves and the United States. Our problem, on a sane long-term view, is ways and means of mobilising the common fund of experience that is at our joint disposal.

The realms in which we have much to learn almost define themselves. I think it unquestionable that, political offences apart, we have much to learn from the Soviet Union in all matters concerned with civil and criminal justice, including prison treatment. We have much to learn about the treatment of backward peoples, especially in the matter

of education, where I think, broadly speaking the Russians are fifty years ahead of anything we can show in India or in Africa; and I think it important to emphasise that the Russian achievements, in this regard, are the outcome of conferring self-respect through self-government. We have much to learn, thirdly, about the proper place of scientific research in national organisation. Here, the backwardness of our industries and of the government—mainly due to our economic system—is lamentable. I think we have also much to learn about the democratisation of the armed forces—a matter which will have pivotal importance after the war. One of the really creative things Mr. Churchill, as Minister of Defence, could do would be to send out now to the Soviet Union a small commission of technicians and laymen to inquire into Soviet experience in this realm.

No doubt there are other matters upon which emphasis should be laid—the relation, for instance, of the state to the arts. I speak only of matters I know at first-hand. On the other hand, I think we and the Americans could teach much. Above all, we could, I believe, demonstrate that, in a really creative way, the intellectual ceases to be an intellectual if he is forced to don the uniform of a particular creed. What Mr. and Mrs. Webb have admirably termed the "disease of orthodoxy" is a real blight on Russia. No doubt it has been mainly the outcome of fear and that grim struggle for personal power which was in part the child of fear. But it is vital to say to our Russian friends that until the disease of orthodoxy has been cured the pursuit of common ends is bound to remain a difficult matter.

There are other realms, too, in which the Americans and ourselves have much to offer—in educational technique, in the possibilities of voluntary association, in precision in the administrative art, to take examples only. Interchange, on any scale, during the war is, of course, impossible. But, after the war, there are immense vistas of opportunity. Mr. Eden could, I suggest, do an important service by instructing the British Council to begin exploring now. A series of British Institutes scattered over the Soviet Union after the war, paralleled by Russian institutes in connection with our own universities, would be of first-rate value. The Rhodes Trustees might begin to think of the endowment of scholarships for young Russian graduates at Oxford.

There are, I believe, two necessary preambles to any full common understanding. The first is the delicate question of the place of religion in the Soviet Union. Much of the past history of Soviet persecution is, let us frankly admit, intelligible, however grim, in the light of what the Russian Orthodox Church had been, and of the political policies, in certain instances still pursued, of other churches. But if we can convince the rulers of the Soviet Union that their security is our interest, a *modus vivendi* for reasonable tolerance, as the recent services in Moscow suggest, ought to be available.

The second issue, about which one should be explicit, is the Communist International. So long as its affiliated national parties owe their primary allegiance to Moscow, and execute those fantastic somersaults in policy we have seen in the last two years, so long the Soviet Union is bound to be regarded with the same doubts and suspicions with which Roman Catholics were regarded in this country from the reign of Elizabeth to the Toleration Act; and it will provide an argument for the enemies of common understanding of which they will take full advantage. At a time when the Second International no longer exists, and the Third International will clearly seek to exert all its influence against Hitlerism everywhere, there is surely a unique opportunity to search for means of ending the division in the working-class forces which, ever since 1919, has had such disastrous consequences. If Stalin has the wisdom to see this, and if the social democratic leaders recognise that the future importance of working-class unity outweighs all the burden of past history, they could render an inestimable service to those who know how great would be the results of a fuller friendship between the three countries.

I make one final remark. I do not myself believe that the kind of understanding I wish to see between Britain, the United States and the Soviet Union can come quickly to any fullness. The abyss between our social postulates is still gravely wide; the history and the interests which divide us are still strong. But the important thing is for those who see our unique opportunity to build relationships out of which an enduring peace becomes something more than a hope, should we have the will and the energy to begin building its foundations. Mr. Churchill swept an epoch into the lumber-room of history by his great speech of a fortnight ago. It was a grand beginning. The task of all who realise its implications is to see that it does not remain merely a beginning. Wisdom and imagination now may alter the basic shape of things to come in a way big with beneficent destiny.

HAROLD J. LASKI

CIVIL DEFENCE

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

IN an article in the *Times* Sir William Beveridge, newly released from durance in the Ministry of Labour, puts cogently the case for a Ministry of Civil Defence. This case is indeed unanswerable; and the only answer to it that is even attempted is one which may appeal to some local officials, to mayors and corporations with parochial minds, and to Civil Servants in whom addiction to departmental routines has become a morbid condition. It is assuredly not an answer which has any strong appeal to the ordinary citizen, even though in the recent Commons debate Mr. Herbert Morrison tried to cast it into the form of a defence of the rights of democracy. The plain truth is that the ordinary citizen wants the vital civil defence services to be efficient and, in comparison with this desire, does not care a rap whether or not they are organised in accordance with the traditional democratic form—which, when it comes to the point, often turns out to be not really so very democratic after all. Even less is the ordinary man impressed by the argument that a Ministry of Civil Defence would cut right across the existing departmental organisation of national government. Indeed, he would rather like it to be cut across; he has a suspicion that the Civil Service would be all the better for a bit of stirring up, and that new brooms might sweep cleaner than the old, because they might have less disposition to keep on sweeping in the wrong places.

The existing organisation of civil defence is curiously anomalous. The Government seems never to have decided in its own mind whether the Regional Commissioners set up under the Minister of Home Security were meant to do anything or not, save in the event of an actual invasion of this country. Some, but not all, of the departments proceeded to set up regional offices in the capital cities of the various defence regions, and to establish some sort of devolution of powers from Whitehall. But the Regional Commissioners were given no authority over these Regional Officers of the various departments; and the amount of influence they were able to exert in practice therefore differed in accordance with their personal qualities and ideas of policy. Some commissioners became by force of personality leaders of a regional team: others have hardly been heard of, and have done almost nothing that has affected the course of events. Moreover, where the Regional Commissioner has been active, he has been apt to find that the result has been a tendency on the part of the central departments to narrow the delegated authority allowed to their regional officers, and to take back powers for fear the Ministry of Home Security may encroach on their traditional departmental functions.

Side by side with this tendency there has been a parallel movement on the part of the local authorities. At the first onset of war, very wide powers were conferred by many councils on small emergency committees; and these, in co-operation with the leading permanent officials, took matters pretty much into their own hands. But for some time past the movement has been all the other way. The powers of the emergency committees have been restricted, even in heavily blitzed areas, and there has been a resumption of activity by the regular committees of the councils. The consequence is no doubt a formal increase of "democracy"; but it is also a splitting up of the local responsibility for civil defence services among a large number of separate committees, with serious results in slowing up action, and making it uncertain where the responsibility rests.

Nor can it be left out of account that the existing areas of local government are in many instances quite unsuited to the needs of civil defence. When populations flee for the night out of a devastated city area they commonly flee into the jurisdiction of a series of quite different local authorities, which do not see why they should be expected to provide for them. Fire-fighting is by no means the only service in which control limited by the existing areas of local government is plainly disastrous. As Sir William Beveridge points out in his article, the problem of rehousing in seriously damaged areas is one which is quite beyond the means of a single local authority, however enterprising.

In Whitehall, no doubt, a large part of the opposition to co-ordinated action is due to the placing of the responsibility for regional organisation on a department based on the Home Office, and not on the Ministry of Health. For the Ministry of Health, as successor to the old Local Government Board, is the department which has the traditional responsibility for dealing with the local authorities in most matters in which the central Government intervenes. There is

accordingly both a tendency on the part of the Ministry of Health to fear loss of established authority, and a tendency on the part of the Ministry of Home Security to avoid any action which threatens to annoy the Ministry of Health. This leads to a certain paralysis of control; the Ministry of Health cannot do the job which has been entrusted to the Ministry of Home Security—which cannot do it without taking over a large part of the functions of the Ministry of Health.

There is no way in which this difficulty can be got rid of without a much clearer definition of the functions and powers of the Regional Commissioners, not in the hypothetical event of invasion, but here and now. This country, though it has of late enjoyed a blessed intermission, has been invaded already—by bombs; and in nearly every case in which there has been really heavy bombing some major breakdown has occurred in one or more of the branches of civil defence. Yet when a Regional Commissioner arrives in a stricken area on the morrow of a heavy raid, no one really knows what he has come for, or what he is supposed to do. No Government decision on this vital matter has ever been made: it remains ambiguous whether the Commissioner comes to give orders, or merely to administer official consolations. Such a situation is absurd, even if in a few cases the adroitness of the Commissioner suffices to make it work out not too badly in practice.

It is not, as Sir William Beveridge points out, in the least necessary that the proposed Ministry of Civil Defence shall take over all the executive functions of the various departments concerned. The Food Ministry should continue to provide food, and the Board of Education to look after schools. But the Civil Defence Minister, with the Commissioners as his agents, should be given a co-ordinating control over general policy, and a large power, in respect of services essential to home security, of regrouping local areas so as to bring entire towns and their neighbourhoods under a common administration. Moreover, he should be the representative of the civil defence services in or before the War Cabinet, and the person to be "shot at" in Parliament over major questions of policy. And it is, at any rate, arguable that he should have under him not merely a Regional Commissioner in each of the big Defence Regions, but a responsible executive officer with pretty wide powers in each town or group of neighbouring towns likely to suffer seriously from air attack.

All this seems so obvious, not merely to the persons whom the responsible officials usually dismiss as "armchair critics," but to the ordinary man or woman who lives in an area which has been heavily bombed and is articulate enough to express more than mere resentment at the prevailing chaos, that it fills one with surprise when so intelligent a Minister as Mr. Herbert Morrison sweeps it all aside with a refusal to admit the need of change. No one denies that both ordinary citizens and officials and city fathers have behaved with commendable bravery. But this is not the point: the question is rather whether their courage has not been subjected to an unnecessarily severe strain, and whether their personal hard work and devotion have been applied to the best purpose. Heroism is a most valuable quality; but it is no substitute for organisation; and in the field of organisation the persistence of established routines under radically changed conditions should rather be called disorganisation than good order. Routine is a way of making things work on certain assumptions; as long as the assumptions remain valid it is a way of securing co-ordination, though not always of the best kind. But if the assumptions cease to fit the facts the continuance of the regular routine is the surest way of producing chaos.

A new department, with wide co-ordinating authority and its own executive agents spread over the country, is needed in order to break down the routines which have become inappropriate under the conditions of to-day. It will need to be a strong department, staffed not exclusively by Civil Servants, but quite largely by men chosen for their experience as local administrators. It will need to be armed with authority over the regional representatives of the Ministries of Health, Transport, Works and Buildings—to name three of the departments most closely concerned. And it will need to have at its head a Minister who has wisdom enough to set more store by the demands of the ordinary citizens for efficient protection than by the assertions of routineers that nothing can be done to alter the present arrangements without making the confusion worse than ever. We are loth to believe that on this subject Mr. Morrison has said his last word; he must himself be conscious that his speech in the House was a debating answer rather than an effort to find a solution of a difficult problem. He has shown in London large qualities as a doer of new things: he has still a chance of showing these same qualities over a still wider field.

A LONDON DIARY

THE battle of Bloomsbury, if the information that reaches me is reliable, has ended in the defeat of the Ministry of Information. I write before the debate on Thursday. The various compromises suggested, one of which, I gather, is favoured by the Government, amount to nothing. I cannot see how either Sir Walter Monckton or Mr. Cyril Radcliffe can possibly reconcile themselves to tame acceptance of this defeat. Nor can I see how Mr. Duff Cooper can usefully remain in office; the refusal of his demand that the Ministry of Information should be given the news and the chance to handle it makes his position ridiculous. The Minister and his principal Civil Servants have asked that all the news should come to them, that they should select what they think desirable to give out, subject to the necessary censorship of the various Departments concerned with security and defence. The onus should be on these Departments to show that any piece of information should not go out. If the Ministry has lost its battle it means that Mr. Duff Cooper and his staff will still have the responsibility for putting out communiqués in whose production they have had no effective say; that they have to bear the brunt of all criticism even when they have themselves forestalled it and when the mistake has been made in spite of their entreaties. The Ministry becomes nothing but a whipping-boy deliberately maintained to divert criticism from the Service Departments. The Minister has the nominal responsibility without any actual power. It would be far more dignified and sensible to abolish the Ministry, as some very responsible people have suggested, and let the various Departments give out their own publicity, leaving foreign propaganda as a separate job to be done by a Minister of Political Warfare. In that case the various Departments would find it necessary to meet and agree on their communiqués, so that in fact a new and much smaller organisation would automatically be set up. Those who compose the communiqués would then have to consider the needs of the British public and not only the narrow interests of their own Departments. That is one method of dealing with the subject; the other is appoint a strong Minister—if you can find him—and put him into the War Cabinet.

* * *

I mentioned last week the comic incident of Mr. Rothstein, the representative of the Tass Agency here, who was asked to do a broadcast in the Children's Hour on Soviet Russia after the Germans had invaded it. I now hear that the talk was never delivered. It was sent to the Schools Department for scrutiny, but two hours before it was to be delivered Mr. Rothstein was informed on the telephone that the text was "unobjective" and could not be accepted. A letter followed saying that the talk wanted was "to provide geographical background without any tinge of emotional colour." It added that had Mr. Rothstein "understood the limitations of the commission, he might not have wished to accept it." This can only be described as daft. Mr. Rothstein was not asked to provide geographical background but to give a talk on the peoples menaced in the area of the conflict, what they do, how they live, how they are dressed, how they spend their time and a good deal about Soviet children. Some geographical detail was also asked for, with some strategic facts about the Ukraine and about the oil wells. Obviously it is absurd to ask any Russian, Communist or otherwise, to speak about his country "without any tinge of emotional colour" especially at the moment when his country is being attacked. Actually I have seen the text of Mr. Rothstein's broadcast; it is well-written, pleasant, unpropagandist stuff, thoroughly suitable for its purpose. It contains, I agree, a couple of sentences that might have caused offence, but I gather that Mr. Rothstein was not even asked if he would consider emendations. Who was responsible for this absurdity? Is it considered improper that English children should learn the indisputable fact that, as Mr. Churchill reminded us, children still play and maidens laugh in Soviet Russia? But Mr. Churchill would never be allowed to speak in the Children's Hour.

* * *

Imagination boggles at the extent of the horror of the war which Hitler has thrust on the Soviet Union. Imagination runs all the more freely because this immense battle is not reported except in official communiqués; all we really know is that the only two fighting machines in the world which are fully equipped and trained in the offensive-defensive fast-moving tank and aeroplane warfare, are mingled in a colossal battle in which it is quite possible for Russian tanks to be behind the German army and German tanks to be inside Russia, with Russian troops between them and their own frontier

Indeed, theoretically, a German armoured division might take Moscow at the same time that a Russian division was occupying Berlin. In that case, of course, the Russians would have to decide whether to bomb Moscow on the grounds that it was held by the enemy, and Hitler would have to bomb Berlin because it had become a stronghold of Russian power!

* * *

Prof. Tawney's Macmillan pamphlet *Why Britain Fights*, price 3*d*., has the power, the sanity and the beauty of style which we associate with everything he writes. It is an enlargement of the letter which created a sensation in the United States when it appeared in the *New York Times*. Its peculiar value is its realisation that this war is also a revolution and that it is the result of our international and economic folly as well as the evil purposes of the Nazis. He burkes nothing of the horror of the Nazi regime and has no liking for the German tradition. He answers the Vansittart propaganda in a few sentences, emphasising the disastrous folly of seeing the conflict as one between the moral impeccability of Britain and the eternal night of German barbarism.

> Self-righteous hysterics of that kind are a bad ally in war and a worse colleague in peace. They should be left to Party Conferences at Nürnberg, where they need fear no dissent.

On the basis of Tawney's thinking, which leads him to an eloquent plea for a genuine democracy, sometimes called Socialism, we have an alternative to the Fascist creed; through that creed one may make some sense of this devil's business of war and see the outline at least of a peace which would not again make a mockery of sacrifice and death. Lord Cecil also attempts in a pamphlet called *A Real Peace* (Hamish Hamilton, 6*d*.) to show the broad lines of a future settlement. I think Lord Cecil still fails fully to understand the deficiencies of the League and that he relies far too much on political solutions for economic and class evils. But his pamphlet, which is by no means tender to the Germans, does not run away from the problem which Germany presents.

* * *

Quo Tai-chi who left Britain a couple of months ago to become Chinese Foreign Secretary, arrived in Chung King just in time to learn of the German attack on the Soviet Union. His first speech showed an immediate recognition of the necessity of full co-operation between Britain, America, China and the U.S.S.R., and the swift withdrawal of the Chinese representatives from Berlin and Rome in reply to the Nazi and Fascist recognition of Wang Ching-wei's puppet government at Nanking, dispels any doubts about China's position. I am looking forward to hearing Dr. Wellington Koo's comments on the situation when he makes his first appearance as the new Chinese Ambassador here at a Bowl of Rice Dinner on July 7th in honour of the fourth anniversary of Chinese resistance to Japan. This function, arranged by the China Campaign Committee (32 Victoria Street, S.W.1), is at 7 p.m. at Ley On's restaurant, 91 Wardour Street, W.1, and the price of dinner is 5*s*.

* * *

Rabbits have occupied the curious dual position of being both a pest and a property and it now seems, according to experts who discussed the matter at a recent scientific meeting of the Zoological Society, that they can be got rid of by gassing, without the need for an expensive pump. All you need is a long spoon and the method can be universally applied. Sentimental regrets at the notion of their extermination (if indeed that were possible) are removed by the thought that they are now caught in singularly cruel traps and die in many unpleasant ways, while if they are deprived of their right to run free they will no doubt be scientifically bred in large camps for their fur and meat. There is no doubt that they do far more harm than their meat is worth. On the score of grass alone the food they eat would be better turned into mutton. Mr. Hinton, of the Natural History Museum, mentioned that the measures previously taken against the common brown rat have favoured the spread of the black rat, which by its climbing abilities has been able to colonise high buildings which had been proofed against his brown cousin. Another speaker, describing the work of the Bureau of Animal Population, mentioned the discovery that the brown rat continues to breed in corn stacks during the winter. He advocated early threshing and a concentrated drive against rats at threshing time to reduce the rat population. Another expert had tackled the problem of wireworms and found that in certain grasslands the wireworm population may amount to one or even two hundred millions per acre. If the population is above a certain level, then it is no use ploughing up the grassland for crops. I doubt if anybody has calculated the numbers of the louse population with equal accuracy, but I am glad to hear that a new method of getting rid of lice has been worked out at the London School of Hygiene. Since lice bring typhus I hope this discovery will quickly become international knowledge. Diseases do not respect frontiers.

* * *

A pleasant interpretation of President Inönü's recent policy reaches me from irresponsible circles. When Ataturk, who was an agnostic, died, Inönü, himself an agnostic, thought it prudent to have the last rights of the Moslem faith performed over Ataturk's body. After all, there just might be something in all this after-life business; it could do no harm anyway; it was well to be on the safe side. Similarly, Inönü had no faith in any pact made with Hitler. But after all, it could do no harm, and just in case . . . CRITIC

MASS MIND

The objective of our propaganda should be the leadership of the mass mind. —LORD ASTOR, June 25th.

OUR leaders we must recognise
As objects of devotion,
And yet with caution analyse
Official soothing potion
And not be carried by surprise
On waves of mass emotion.

The masses must be realist
Despite misinformation,
The mass must passively resist
Insidious penetration,
And view the mass psychologist
With mental reservation.

We must rely on our defence
Though tests may knock it flat,
We must have sober confidence
And not too much of that,
Nor hope immediate consequence
From every fireside chat.

We must not take the jaundiced view
Nor wear rose-tinted lenses,
Nor yet make each reverse a cue
For dire defeatist frenzies,
Nor blithely soar into the blue
With Fraser, Smuts or Menzies.

Our hopes to facts we must adjust,
Our fears we must embalm,
The mass mind must maintain a crust
Immune to joy or qualm
Unless instructed that we must
Keep absolutely calm. SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Frederic Walker.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

"Goebbels . . . the Nazi 'Duff Cooper'."—*Truth.*

When Evan Evans, aged 17, was found guilty of stealing a bicycle by the Cardiff magistrates to-day it was stated that he had been to sea recently and after his ship was torpedoed he and 40 other survivors were afloat in an open boat for 14 days and nights before being rescued. "I should have thought torpedoing would have put something better into you," said Mr. J. Ash Thompson, chairman.—*South Wales Echo.*

The appointment of Sir Noel Charles as Ambassador to Rio de Janeiro is swift promotion for a man who, three years ago, was Counsellor at our Embassy in Rome. Sir Noel, who will be fifty this year, played golf with Ciano, was faultlessly correct with the Germans, and did his best to keep Mussolini sane. With his excellent wardrobe, his epicurean tastes as a host, his good-humoured imperturbability, and his attractive wife, he will make friends quickly in Rio de Janeiro.—Atticus in *Sunday Times.*

It was invigorating to be reminded that the real Russian Revolution was not a Bolshevist affair at all—Bolshevism began with the Prussian Karl Marx and was only engineered into Russia with German help after the fall of the Tsar. —*Evening Chronicle.*

Radiolocation! Have You Located Jesus? Come In and Hear the Sermon! —Inscription on a blackboard of a City Church.

It has been remarked that if the Germans had played cricket seriously they would have had no time for war. It is even truer to say that the Germans will never win this war because they do not play cricket.—*Darlington and Stockton Times.*

MINDING THE BABY

"WILL you keep an eye on the babies?" I was asked. "They're all right," the appeal went on. "They're asleep in their prams on the lawn, and are sure not to wake up till lunch. All you've got to do is to sit in a deck-chair somewhere near them and see that nothing happens, like a cat jumping into a pram and smothering one of them. I'm always afraid of that, but I'm sure you'll keep a good look-out."

Fond as I am of babies in an irresponsible sort of way, I like nothing less than being left alone with a baby except being left alone with two babies. If they cry, I can think of no way of comforting them except singing to them, and my singing does not seem to comfort them. Babies in a good humour like even bad singing; but babies in a bad humour look on bad singing as a form of torture. And, to be candid, my voice is untrained and has never had a chance of being trained ever since in my youth, owing to persistently singing out of tune, I was compelled to cease attending the weekly church choir practice.

Apart from this, the behaviour of small children is incalculable. You never know what they will do next or what will make them cry. I remembered how once I had taken an infant niece a walk on Hampstead Heath, and how, after behaving like the friend of a lifetime during the walk, she suddenly began a violent quarrel with me on the way home along Downshire Hill because I prevented her from picking up a faded cabbage-leaf out of the gutter. I do not know what she wanted with the cabbage-leaf. It would have been bad enough to handle it, but I was afraid she might eat it. Anyhow, she had set her heart on it. She tugged and screamed, while I tugged—as gently as possible—without screaming. Children in a frenzy have, so far as my experience goes, the strength of lunatics. That small girl, despite efforts that brought the sweat to my brow, was again and again within an inch of seizing the cabbage-leaf, while kind-faced interfering women, obviously in sympathy with her and hostile to me, stopped on the pavement to watch the battle. At length, overcome with humiliation, I took up the child in my arms and carried her, struggling and howling, along the street to her home. I do not know whether one looks a brute when one walks along the street with a roaring infant in one's arms, but one feels that one looks a brute—which is worse. Arrived home, I swore that never again would I go out alone with a small child without a bar of chocolate in my pocket to be administered at the first symptom of a scene. And I have kept my oath.

These two babies on the lawn, however, were not yet at the chocolate-eating age. And, even if they had been, I doubt whether there was any chocolate in the house. One of them was only two months old, the other ten months. Remembering my past experiences with children, I pleaded work as a reason for not being able to "keep an eye on them" that morning, and, indeed, the excuse was a real one, for I was hard at work on an essay, "On Being Bitten by a Midge," which I had promised to deliver on the following day. "Why not get your Uncle Willie to keep an eye on them?" I asked, for the mothers of the infants had a great-uncle staying at the cottage. "It's a good idea," said the mother who had spoken to me; and in a few moments she was leading an elderly, bearded and benevolent-looking man out on to the lawn and settling him into a deck-chair between the two perambulators. "It will be all right," she said. "They won't wake up till lunch."

I sat at a window just above him with a writing block on my knee. He, for his part, had a manuscript on his knee, and his eyes kept darting from this to the baby on the right of him and then to the baby on the left of him and then back. He had told me that he was correcting the typescript of a book, *Traces of Aramaic Idiom in the Gospels*, and he looked a little irritated at being prevented from concentrating on it by being set to keep an eye on two sleeping babies. Glancing up, he saw me in the window. "It's all very well," he said, shaking his head from side to side with a rueful expression, "for women to leave their babies, but they don't understand. I've got work to do. My publishers have been clamouring for the manuscript for some time past. Damn!" he muttered venomously, bringing his hand down with a fierce slap on the hood of two-months-old Thomas's perambulator. "A horse-fly," he explained. "Well, that won't bite him, anyway."

"You'll wake him," I warned him. He got up and peered into the perambulator. "No, he's fast asleep," he said, with a satisfied look. Then: "Good Lord!" he exclaimed, "What's this? There's some kind of green creature wriggling towards his ear. What ought I to do? It'll be into his ear in a minute." "If it's a caterpillar," I told him, "pick it up and throw it on the grass." Uncle Willie made a dive for the caterpillar and, as he did so, his hand must have brushed Thomas's cheek or nose, for that innocent two-months-old began a prolonged yell that can seldom have been equalled by the lungs of one so young. Uncle Willie bent near the perambulator humming "Hush-a-bye-baby" and grimacing at it, but, as he wears spectacles of the kind that make the eyes seem three times their natural size, he must have been an object of terror to the child, which merely redoubled its howlings. These, as was to be expected, woke up ten-months-old Agatha, who pulled herself into a sitting position and with a thumb in her mouth surveyed the world. Seeing the manuscript of *Traces of Aramaic Idiom in the Gospels* in the deck-chair, she performed a series of twists and turns like a female Houdini breaking free from handcuffs, and leaned over the side of the perambulator till her little fingers were almost within touch of Uncle Willie's lifework. Having just failed to reach it, she leaned her face philosophically against the brown rim of her perambulator, which she began to chew.

I advised Uncle Willie to try to pacify Thomas by wheeling him round the lawn, and the results of his following my advice were satisfactory. Having brought Thomas back beside the deck-chair, however, he discovered that Agatha had, in the meantime, allowed herself to fall forward with her face between her feet and had fallen asleep in this unnatural position. "Do you think she's all right?" he asked me, anxiously. "Isn't there a danger that she may smother herself?" "I should raise her gently," I said, "and lay her on her back." He did so, but Agatha struggled into a sitting position again, putting a thumb in her mouth. Then she caught a buckle, which was part of the safety device for keeping her in the perambulator, and began to eat that. Uncle Willie watched her with a worried expression. "Is it safe for a child to suck metal?" he asked me. "I'm sure," he said, "when I was a child we were never allowed to suck metal." "There are some toys in the house," I told him. "If you get them for her she probably won't worry about the buckle." He brought out a sheep, a rabbit and a teething ring, which he placed in the perambulator. Agatha took up the lamb, looked at it, and dropped it over the side. She took up the rabbit, looked at it, and dropped it over the side. She took up the teething ring and dropped it over the side. Then she smiled at Uncle Willie and put a thumb in her mouth.

She then tugged a wisp of wool from the blanket and gave it to Uncle Willie, who thanked her and threw it on the grass. She tugged another wisp of wool from the blanket and put it into her mouth. "Here," cried Uncle Willie, excitedly, as he extracted it from between her lips, "you mustn't do that. Can't a child choke itself on wool?" he called up to me anxiously; and, as he looked away from her, Agatha filled her mouth with wool again. For the next five minutes she gave alternative mouthfuls of wool to Uncle Willie and herself, for she is a generous child; and Uncle Willie toiled at the task of preventing her from choking herself, as miserable and terrified-looking a man as I have ever seen.

Growing tired of wool, Agatha, powerful as the infant Hercules, forced the upper part of her body over the edge of the perambulator and came back with a prize of cow-parsley leaves which she began to eat. "Why don't mothers look after their babies?" cried Uncle Willie angrily, as he pulled the cow parsley from her lips. "They don't seem to care whether they're poisoned or not."

Agatha, thumb in mouth once more, paused as she wondered what to do next. By a miracle of mischance, she found—or made—a hole in the mattress and drew from it some spiky-looking feathery stuff, and put it into her mouth. Uncle Willie must have been rather rough as he struggled to retrieve mouthful after mouthful of this dangerous diet, for she set up a howl just not equal to little Thomas's. Thomas, too, woke up and began to roar. Three women hurried out of the house. "Ah, they're awake at last," said one of them. "At last!" echoed Uncle Willie bitterly, looking not too lovingly after the infants as they were carried away.

"I'm fond of children," he confided to me after a moment's reflection, "but I sometimes wonder whether they ought not to be permanently bound hand and foot till the age of two. And gagged. Yes, gagged," he repeated with a dreamy look in his eyes. "Like the heroines in Edgar Wallace's novels."

Y. Y.

IS THIS A RECORD ?

[BY THE OLDEST *New Statesman* COMPETITOR.]

AT the age of ninety, I think I am entitled to be a little expansive, if not actually boastful. I think, too, that if my memories are at times slightly confused and chronologically incompatible, I have the right to claim some indulgence and at least the appearance of credulity.

It is exactly forty years ago, more or less, since I was first mentioned by name in a *New Statesman* competition. I fancy it was Mortimer Moody who remarked in his report that I "seemed to have missed the point." This minor success greatly encouraged me, and in less than a year I had done it again. This time it was Andrew Marvell who quoted a couplet from someone else's entry over my name. After this, success followed success. First Sylvia Barebones praised my perseverance, then Robinson Pritchett found a non-existent flaw in my metre, and later on Roger Whitebait doodled my name into his report as a preliminary to dividing the prizes among twelve other entrants. Soon scarcely a month passed without my name appearing in the small print of the back pages, and I realised, with the wild elation of approaching success, that if I could only keep it up, the law of averages would see me through eventually to the prize list.

Ah, well, those were early days. It did not seem likely then that, in a mere couple of decades, I should be retiring with a record of 2,341 firsts, 4,235 seconds and 23,456 honourable (and otherwise) mentions to my credit. These figures, I am aware, have been questioned, and they still arouse envious doubts in the minds of younger and less successful competitors. But I am able to point out that they cannot even be checked, let alone disproved, owing to my copious use of pseudonyms, *noms de plume* and *façons de parler*. No one (with the possible exception of one or two of the competition-setters) ever worked the pseudonym racket as wholeheartedly as I did. I recall that in one competition all the thirteen entries were mine. True, the required standard was not reached on that occasion, but I undoubtedly came within an ace of a double win. Indeed, so confident was I of pulling it off that I had a postcard, ready prepared and stamped, passing up the Second Prize under the Only-one-prize-a-week rule. My modest ambition at this time was to win a First Prize three times running with each of my numerous pseudonyms. That achievement (soon realised) seems very small beer to me now. I prefer to boast of my feat in monopolising the First Prize for a whole year without seeing my real name mentioned above a dozen times.

Many times I have been asked for the secret of my prize-winning success, and I have always declined to give it. Even now I do not intend to break the silence, except to expose one or two unworthy suggestions which have been made. For example, I have never bribed a competition-setter in my life. Quite early in my career I realised that the *New Statesman* practice of appointing a different judge each week made bribery, however tempting, much too expensive to be practicable. Nor, in my brief experience of competition-setting on my own account did I ever come to any arrangement with the other setters to our common advantage. Finally, I deny having ever awarded myself a prize.

I shall add here just a short note on competition-setters. (Let them doff their tin helmets and gas-masks : they have nothing to fear from me). After careful and deliberate consideration, I confidently assert that they have been indubitably right on 2,341 occasions, nearly right on 4,235, and (I regret to say) obviously partial and biased on all the rest. Well, poor chaps, I daresay they did their best.

It may well be imagined that the overwhelming successes I have mentioned did not make me any too popular with my fellow competitors. Indeed, I have been in constant danger of actual physical violence, both from competitors and judges—the latter exasperated by the monotony of the prize list. No hero of detective fiction was ever more persistently worried with boxes of poisoned chocolates, explosive cigars, and mechanically silenced automatics. To this day my front door is sheathed in boiler iron as some slight protection from "pine-apple" merchants and vitriol-throwers—regular visitors. I am convinced, besides, that Mr. Guy Innes tried to cut my throat by correspondence, and Mr. L. V. Upward has frequently and openly expressed his intention of waylaying and bumping off me and all my pseudonyms as soon as he can collect a sufficiently powerful gang.

Naturally, I did not escape scatheless from these attempts. Many of my *noms de plume* have crossed over, and I myself have been finally compelled to retire with the loss of both my typing fingers and almost all my *amour propre*. Of course I did not turn the other cheek : in the interests of self-defence I have to admit the elimination by violence of three unmentioned and two unmentionable competitors, besides one disgracefully impartial judge. Of the mayhems committed by me I have kept no regular record, and I do not care in this matter to trust to a failing memory. Suffice it to say, they were numerous and fantastic.

A last word of advice. To anyone thinking of following in my footsteps (Mr. John Mair, for instance) my experience suggests the impenetrable disguise of a monomark as the best condition of survival in a tough and jealous community. ALLAN M. LAING

THE TROLLS

(Written after an air-raid)

(i)

IN the misty night humming to themselves like morons
They ramble and rumble over the roof-tops, stumble and shamble
from pile to pillar,
In clodhopping boots that crunch the stars
And a fixed smile on their faces :
Pretty Polly won't die yet.

Skittle-alley horseplay, congurgitation . . . they don't know what
they are doing,
All they can do is stutter and lurch, riding their hobby, grinding
Their hobnails into our bodies, into our brains, into the domed
Head where the organ music lingers :
Pretty Polly won't die yet.

Here they come—I thought we had lost them—
Here they come once more and once too many with their rough and
Tumble antics, here they
Are, they are, they ARE :
Pretty Polly won't die yet.
Oh, won't she ?

(ii)

Than which not any could be found other
And outside which is less than nothing—
This, as they call it, life.
But such as it is, gurgling and tramping, licking their thumbs before
they
Turn the pages over, tear them out, they
Wish it away, they
Puff with enormous cheeks, put paid to
Hours and minutes—thistledown in the void.

(iii)

Death has a look of finality ;
We think we lose something but if it were not for
Death we should have nothing to lose, existence
Because unlimited would merely be existence
Without incarnate value. The trolls can occasion
Our death but they are not able
To use it as we can use it.
Fumbling and mumbling they try to
Spell out Death correctly ; they are not able.

(iv)

Than which not any. Time
Swings on the poles of death
And the latitude and the longitude of life
Are fixed by death, and the value
Of every organism, act and moment
Is, thanks to death, unique.

(v)

This then is our answer under
The crawl of lava, a last
Shake of the fist at the vanishing sky, at the hulking
Halfwit demons who rape and slobber, who assume
That when we are killed no more will be heard of us—
Silence of men and trolls' triumph.
A wrong—in the end—assumption.
Barging and lunging out of the clouds, a daft
Descent of no-good gods, they think to
Be rid for ever of the voice of men but they happen
To be trying what even trolls
Can never accomplish, they happen
To be—for all their kudos—
Wrong, wrong in the end. LOUIS MACNEICE

TWO VIEWS ON RUSSIA AND THE WAR

From Bernard Shaw.

My Mistake.

SIR,—For the second time, I have blundered badly about Führer Hitler and must apologise to your readers. The laugh, I must own, is against me.

The first time was when the late Neville Chamberlain was negotiating with him at Munich. Making the best of him, I took him to be a politician clever enough to calculate accurately just how far he could go in tearing up the Versailles Treaty clause by clause without provoking us to begin the Four Years War all over again. He had seen Mussolini firing on Corfu and getting away with it, though if we and the other Powers had been in earnest about the League of Nations we should have brought him to book sternly. He had seen the creation of Manchukuo by Japan, and how, in spite of the report of our commission headed by Lord Lytton, Japan got away with it as completely as if neither the League nor its constituents had ever existed. When Italy annexed Abyssinia, we got so far into a huff over it that we refused to call the King of Italy by his new title of Emperor; but we did nothing positive.

The Führer concluded that if we would stand all this without firing a shot or even rattling a sabre we would stand almost anything. So he armed Germany to the teeth in defiance of the Versailles Treaty, and marched his troops up and down the Rhineland, not only tearing up the Treaty but throwing the fragments in our faces. He got away with it easily. Feeling how much farther he dare go, he demanded the city of Danzig and a right of way across the Polish Corridor. He complained that in Czechoslovakia Germans were maltreated and enslaved. It was evident that he would not be satisfied until he had recovered the Kaiser's colonies and regained his frontiers.

We were not in the least frightened into appeasing him. Simply we were having a good time and did not want to be bothered. To rouse the British Lion to fighting pitch over the Rhineland, or the Polish Corridor, or indeed any place farther off than Marylebone Lane, was impossible. Besides, by that time the Treaty was so thoroughly discredited, and the policy of kicking Germany when she was down had brought her so much British sympathy, that we had no moral case against the Führer. He could go so far without having to fight for it that I did not believe he would venture beyond that point; and I said there would be no war.

I was wrong. I am always making mistakes by imagining that other people are as clever as I am myself. The Führer was not the first statesman to take me in, and will probably not be the last. When we let him alter the Czech frontier to Germany's entire advantage it seemed to him that he could do what he liked with us. He snapped his fingers at our guarantee to Poland, and took it by force. Stalin immediately seized half his booty, making his new conquest only the old Partition; and this time it was Stalin who got away with it.

The moment the guns went off, the British Lion woke up. The smell of powder was enough for him; and without stopping to consider that we were utterly unprepared for so big a job, we declared war on Germany. Führer Hitler had made the same mistake about Neville Chamberlain as I had made about himself. We, who had put up with so much from Italy and Japan on vital issues, now suddenly charged at him as Don Quixote charged at the windmills. It was pure knight errantry and quite out of order. Just like us! Poland was not our business: she was the business of the League of Nations. We should have called a meeting of the League as in the case of Finland (arming hard meanwhile) before breaking the peace. But that is not our way. We just went for the Führer with horse, foot and artillery, calling him every name we could lay tongue or pen to, without a thought of the League or of anything else that stood between us. If Adolf Hitler had been Julius Caesar, wise enough to make his conquests blessings instead of detestable subjugations, we should not have had a leg to stand on.

Incidentally, the House of Commons was informed that we were at war, but not until the fat was in the fire. That, also, is our way.

As usual, we had put ourselves technically in the wrong; but the Führer did not notice this, the point not being in his line. He told the world that we were the dupes and slaves of a parcel of rascally Jews, and that his Germans, as the superior race, would wipe the floor with us. And he certainly did wipe the floor of Europe with us so promptly that even the sleepiest of our Isolationists and the mildest of our Pacifists could not deny that we had to turn the tables on him or never hold up our heads again as a nation. Mr. Churchill told him that we would never parley with him again; that we would fight him wherever we could catch him on sea or land without regard to anyone's neutrality; and—this was a hot novelty—that he personally was fighting with a rope round his neck.

In spite of all this I blundered again when the news came of his massing troops on the Russian frontier. Knowing the strength and resources of Russia, I could not believe that any man with intelligence enough to lace his own shoes could in the middle of a very tough war deliberately complete his own dreaded encirclement and make war on six fronts under no ascertainable compulsion to commit military suicide. Can it be that he is as blind as all our own Tories and Clericals who persist in believing what they have been telling themselves for twenty years: that Stalin is a vulgar brigand and assassin whose rabble of tatterdemalions must scatter before the Nazi legions like autumn leaves before October winds? If so, he is lost; for if he is as far behind the times and as obsolete politically as our Old School Ties, we shall not be able to put the rope round his neck when Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin have him finally by the collar. We shall have to send him to Broadmoor. But he is not as mad as that. The only sane explanation possible is that when Russia refused to join the Axis he concluded that Stalin was waiting to attack him in the rear when he was fully engaged on the west with Britain and America, and that his only chance was to smash the Red army first. The gambler's last throw: double or quits.

Though the Führer has let me down so heavily, my estimate of Russia's power remains unchanged. I have not forgotten that when Russia was half-starved (because Lenin had not sufficiently studied my works and those of the Fabian Society), and at her last gasp militarily, with the White army in Kazan and Mr. Churchill planking down a hundred millions voted for the Four Years War to equip the B.E.F. for the stamping out of Communism, all Europe seemed in at the death of Unholy Russia; and yet, having no arms, uniforms, or even boots to her feet, Russia easily appropriated those of our B.E.F.; raised an army out of the red earth of her villages; and cleared her soil miraculously of every enemy. Mr. Churchill was the first English statesman to call Lenin great. Japan's practised and disciplined army, the terror of the Far East, tried a couple of falls with the Red Army in Mongolia, and took care not to try a third. The Finns, led by Mannerheim, put up a brave fight against Stalin, with our press declaring every day that the Red Army was disgracing itself; but Major Hooper's pamphlet on that campaign seems to establish the fact that Mannerheim was "out-generalled" all through and, with our journalists, kept barking up the wrong tree. If Russia could do this with the rest of the world against her, I see no reason for expecting her defeat as a matter of course with the British Commonwealth and the U.S.A. at her back, however unwillingly.

Mr. Eden, not too tactfully, has seized the opportunity to declare that there are fewer Communists here than in any other country. Mr. Churchill, not to be outdone, expresses his lifelong horror of Communism. Fortunately, Mr. Maisky has been here long enough to be able to assure Stalin that in the mouths of British Ministers the word Communism is a purely vituperative expression, of the meaning of which neither Mr. Churchill nor Mr. Eden have the faintest notion. For all the vital services that cannot be exploited commercially we are absolutely dependent on our Communism. If Russia is up to the neck in it, we are up to the waist; and neither Mr. Churchill nor Mr. Eden refuse their salaries as public servants, nor protest when most of the money is taken back again from them by a taxation which makes our amateur Communism predatory without making it also productive. This half-and-half Capitalist Communism will be the undoing of us if we cannot find a few statesmen who know what they are talking about.

And now, what next? Well, Stalin, for a wonder, did not abuse his victory over Finland as America abused the victory of the North over the South, and as Clémenceau and Poincaré and British Democracy abused the victory of 1918. Suppose Stalin objects to our abusing the next victory when he has beaten Hitler for us!

G. BERNARD SHAW

From Tom Wintringham.

Marxism and Acrobatics.

SIR,—Like many others, I have an obstinate longing for the reintroduction of Marxism into British political thought and action. It has been absent far too long. Now it can come back; but not through unexplained somersaults. Dialectics are not acrobatics.

Lenin argued that the nature of any war had to be judged from "the politics both groups of belligerent powers have pursued for decades." For nearly a decade the Axis Powers have pursued a policy of aggressive counter-revolution. And for most of that decade the Communist Parties have been fighting hard against these "shock troops of the counter-revolution"—as the Communist International defined German Fascism at its Seventh Congress. Then for a year and a half the Communist Parties (with exceptions I will note later) resigned from this fight. This resignation weakened France, and has now endangered the Soviet Union. Why did this happen; how can the harm done be repaired?

The failure of the Communist Parties from October, 1939, to June, 1941, to make this war an anti-Fascist and popular war was a deliberate failure; they did not try. They did not try because they lacked independence and courage in thought and action—and Marxism. Lacking these, they could not apply the basic ideas of Communism to this changing world; so they retreated to the past, taking the application made by Lenin in 1917—very effective then—as equally good for the different war of 1939. Dutt wrote in November, 1940: "This war is a continuation of the war of 1914-18 . . . it is a war of rival capitalist Great Powers, like the last war." He sneered at the idea of a People's War as the invention of Horatio Bottomley. At a time when no political party in Europe—Fascist, Conservative, Liberal or Socialist—pretended that the World situation was the same as in 1917, or could be dealt with in the same way, the Communist Party here tried to apply mechanically the Bolshevik policy of 1917 to a vastly altered world. They became the only true Conservatives left in Europe.

What, in fact, *is* this war, in Marxist terms? Every Marxist knows that it began in 1936 in Spain. It was then an imperialist war, yet at the same time a war between Fascism and anti-Fascism. It was thus defined by the *History of the C.P.S.U.* With the defeat of anti-Fascism in Spain, and the opening of the Polish campaign, the war became dominantly imperalist. But having once been an anti-Fascist popular war, it could become so again, if popular forces were organised to make it so. To understand how a war can change or be changed in its essential character, read Lenin's reply to Luxemburg's *Junius Pamphlet*.

To work for this change in the war is, of course, the only Marxist way to apply to-day Lenin's policy of 1917, changing this policy to meet the new developments that have occurred. Lenin's policy was: "Turn the imperialist war into a civil war." The principal new developments are, on a world scale, the existence of the Soviet Union and of Fascism. Because of these, the only form of civil war that a Marxist could aim at, in 1940, was sure to become international civil war—i.e., anti-Fascist war. Instead of which the Communist Parties said that anti-Fascism was illusion, said that the distinction between Fascist and Democratic States "had lost its significance"; if these parties aimed at any form of civil war, real or figurative, in Britain and France, it was war against their own governments rather than war against the Fascist aggressors.

Naturally, any anti-Fascist force that wants to win against Fascism must fight the friends of Fascism here, where we can reach them. We must also fight those reactionaries who cannot win this war. But we must fight against these reactionaries not as war-makers "spreading the war"; but as half-hearts who are losing it.

I have the right to make this attack on the Communist leadership because, since May, 1940, publicly, and before that privately, I have stood

for making this war into an international civil war. Or, rather, I have tried to make clear the fact that Hitler (with his Fifth Columns) has already made this into an international civil war—which up to now he has been winning because the governments trying to fight him have failed to see what sort of war he was waging, militarily and politically.

Last summer I published in a Penguin an outline of the policy of a People's War; the C.P. rejected it. With the help of men from the Spanish Republican Army and the International Brigade, I taught the Home Guard how to fight Fascism; the C.P. refused to let its members help. For a year I have been advocating a Home Guard 4,000,000 strong, of which the numerical majority would necessarily be from the industrial working class. The C.P. did not lift a finger to achieve this, and some of its members ridiculed themselves by calling the H.G. a "vigilante force." To-day the Communists call for aid for Russia. The only real aid that can be given is for our regular army to carry the war back into Europe. How have the C.P. helped to prepare the Regular Army for that job? I have tried to make available to it the military experience of Spain; have they? With many others I have worked to make a strong Home Guard, whose main duty I have always put as the protection of this country while our Regular Army attacks Fascism abroad in alliance with European revolt. By their failure to help in any of these directions—and in many others—the C.P. has made action, in fact, more difficult, action that can help to save Soviet cities from the Nazi bombers.

In the industrial field the C.P. could have mobilised every force, including trade unionists and technicians, to produce the goods in spite of capitalist inefficiency and profit-seeking. In the U.S.A., Walter Reuther of the Automobile Workers (C.I.O.) produced a plan for making more planes than capitalist industry dare contemplate. The opponents of this plan were Wall Street and the Communists. No similar plan has been proposed for any section of British war industry, because good brains have been confused and immobilised by a caricature of Marxism.

In Greece and Jugoslavia the Communist Parties backed the war, as our Chinese comrades have done. They had to work under governments more definitely repressive than Mr. Churchill's. And therefore it is no use Communists here and in America saying that they have acted, in the past 18 months, out of loyalty to the International. The International, which allowed or encouraged three of its parties to take the line of a People's War, could have been persuaded of the need for the British and American parties to take the line of making this war an anti-Fascist one—particularly as such a line would have made the resistance to Fascism stronger than that which can be organised by anaemic ruling classes. True loyalty to an International always includes insistence on applying the line of that International to meet the needs of each national working class—not sacrificing those needs for "diplomacy."

Communists may argue also that they have been right in opposing the spreading of the war, and now are simply acknowledging that the war has spread, and altering their line because of this fact. But Lenin taught us that no single discrete event, such as a declaration of war, should be considered as outside the series of events forming with it a process, though each event modifies that process. In this sense the Nazi declaration of war against the Soviet Union develops, but does not contradict, what has been happening from July, 1936, or earlier. And although this declaration of war is good reason for a reconsideration and development of policy by a political party, it is no reason at all for a complete reversal of policy, such as the C.P. is now attempting.

And like most practical people, I judge policies by their results in fact and action. The C.P. policy for a year and a half has had results that seem to me disastrous for the working class in Britain, Europe and the Soviet Union. If they now, reversing that policy, want to do anything effective, it is absolutely essential that they should admit fully how wrong their policy has been, and seek out the reasons why it has been wrong. Otherwise, we shall get no Marxism from them, but only some more manoeuvres.

Co-operation in making this a People's War? Of course. But those who until so recently were opposed to the whole idea should not now try to teach others, who have been working at it, how it can be embodied in reality. Much better if the C.P., in frank discussion that is made public, clears the air and clears out the yes-men who are unable to think for themselves, and therefore accept and operate every application of the line that is put to them with authority. It is a fine thing to be a "monolithic party," but monoliths are, in fact, single pieces of stone and should not be worn directly under the hat.

Plenty to be done, comrades. Vast hopes and chances ahead of us. But the best hope and the best chance lies in a complete and rapid clean-up of a bad past, with a revival of Marxism, honest comradeship and revolutionary optimism.

TOM WINTRINGHAM

Correspondence

PLANNING INDUSTRY

SIR,—Mr. Churchill explained our recent defeats by shortages of war material due to his predecessors and shipping space. Yet surely these references to the past cannot wholly explain the present position. There has been a tremendous improvement in the position since June, 1940. But we have only been producing two-thirds or, at best, three-quarters of the arms which we could have produced had the National Government harnessed the unparalleled enthusiasm of the whole population.

The real reason of failure is incapacity to realise that war demands more than a patch-work reconditioning of our peace-time economic structure. Most of our discomfiture is a natural consequence of the impact of war on an economic system not adapted to meet it.

Wholehearted and unselfish concentration on the war effort cannot be expected from people beset with private financial difficulties, having one eye always on the future. Even in the war sector considerations of profits, peace time prospects and obligations must—often subconsciously—sabotage the war effort. No amount of superimposed control can rectify this. Yet the Civil Service sees its function *at most* in superimposed control. It refuses to take the initiative. Thus a permanent negative character is given to the whole organisation of the war effort. Distrust by the Civil Servant of "profiteering" and the irritation of the business man against the Civil Servant is added to the pre-war antagonism between Labour and Capital. This incapacity to comprehend the working of the capitalist system, based on individual risk-bearing, results in frantic attempts to cure symptoms instead of eliminating causes. The result is a free-for-all fight in which the large and well-organised interests succeed in staving off or modifying action—the weaker entrepreneurs and traders perish in the struggle against Government policy. Labour, seeing the "selfishness" of capital, insists on its own "rights" and is difficult to persuade to drop the "safeguards" evolved in a long peacetime struggle between employer and employee. No coherent wage policy can be evolved.

The Government drifts on till the pressure of events eventually forces it to act, and then has to introduce sectional compulsion, causing undue hardships.

What is to be done to recapture the spirit of last summer? We have to reform the administrative organisation so as to ensure central planning and allocation. We must give up piecemeal modifications of a basically unchanged economy. We must superimpose on it a wartime system of collective control in production. This would remove the impediment of individual risk-bearing and private gain.

The simplest way would be to create for each industry a Government-controlled and financed operating-holding company, duly compensating present owners. This would put the means of production unreservedly at the disposal of the State and provide the framework for efficient production, planning and regional execution. The shortage of skilled managements could then be overcome. Skilled managers could be shifted round to reorganise plant and management when this is needed. The closing and conversion of factories could be tackled irrespective of vested interests. The representatives of workers could be associated in the control of production, and when workers are responsible for output, the man-power problem can also be tackled on the basis of efficient but democratic discipline. In production at last real national unity would be achieved.

The appointments announced last week do not tend to show that the Government realises the causes of its failures. Basic reforms yielding a steady advance are needed and not spectacular reports undermining the future capacity to produce.

T. BALOGH

THE PEOPLE'S CONVENTION

SIR,—I have read in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of June 28th your "letter to a friend in the A.E.U.," and I feel that I must reply to some of your observations about the People's Convention.

You ask whether those who demand a People's Government know what they mean. Now, my experience from the long and stimulating campaign of the People's Convention, which has made me think even more highly than I did before of the capacity of the ordinary run of people to listen, to criticise, to consider, and to accept an intelligent political argument, convinces me beyond doubt that both we who are in the front of the fight for a People's Government and the hundreds and thousands who now consciously support us know perfectly well what we mean.

And, you must allow me to add, it is plain from your letter that you yourself do not know anything about it. It is not our fault that you do not. We have shown what we mean, and made it clear to others too, at innumerable meetings, and in pamphlets which have had mammoth sales. We cannot compel you to attend any of these meetings or read any of these pamphlets; we cannot make you turn to us for explanation and enlightenment; we cannot compel you to refrain from criticism, until you have informed yourself; nor can we make you take the simple course of letting us explain it to you and your readers in your columns. But if you had done any of these things I do not think that you could possibly have written what you did.

You say that our policy "sounds" like that of P.O.U.M., whose suppression was welcomed by the Communists. I do not quite know how it can "sound" like anything to you when you cannot ever have heard it; but your suggestion is at any rate a pleasant variety from the usual tale that we *are* the Communists. A change of nonsense is as good as a change of air. The answer is that there is not the remotest resemblance between our policy and that of P.O.U.M.

You go on to imply that our policy is to demand "peace to-day," and to tell us that for such a peace there is no alternative between a Hitler conquest and some stage of a Pétain peace. There is a good deal of truth in that, but why do you not address it to the only people who hanker after "peace to-day," the potential "sellers-out" in certain High Tory and City circles? We need no such warnings, for we do not advocate and never have advocated anything like it. Both of this accusation and of your other bogy of "revolutionary defeatism" I can only say that even to hear of it again is like remembering a bad smell in a neighbour's garden that one succeeded in having removed a year ago. These two misrepresentations were being regularly levelled against us from many quarters during the early months of our campaign; and I had to deal with them in press correspondence and in answer to questions at meetings week by week and almost day by day for months on end. They are unscrupulous clap-trap, and ought not to deceive a journalist of your intelligence. There is not a tittle of evidence to support them; whenever any purveyor of them is asked for proof he either relapses into silence or retorts that of course we do not say them but that he is so wise that he knows we mean what we don't say. They have been so completely refuted that in the last few months I had almost forgotten that they were ever taken seriously; in short, they had gone out of circulation like a bad half-crown until someone passed them on you in the dusk of Great Turnstile, and you in perfect good faith tendered them to your friend in the A.E.U. I pray of my charity that he will remain your friend, but you do not deserve that he should, if you will not inform yourself before you write.

D. N. PRITT

[We commend Mr. Wintringham's contribution above to Mr. Pritt's attention. Since the policy of the People's Convention has now changed at least in emphasis there is no point in reviving discussion of its past. With most of its points any sane person would be in agreement. We also stated that those who supported its policy were not in fact in favour of a Fascist peace. We argued that in the present circumstances the emphasis on a "People's Peace," which is also our aim, was ambiguous and dangerous, and we gather that the organisers of the Convention now agree with us. —ED., *N.S. & N.*]

REPLY FROM A FRIEND IN THE A.E.U.

SIR,—Isn't your pious homily to us just a little too cowardly? Why do you continually attack the growth of British Fascism, demand civil and political liberties, seek self-government for India, attack the food ramps, seek the fullest co-operation with the Soviets, criticise the puerility of British propaganda, desire a more representative government—I am a man of 27, and I have never even had a vote—deprecate the attack on workers' living standards, and the growth of the monopolies; and after all this make vicious attacks on any organisation which sets out to win the war and a decent society? You accuse the Communists of tying themselves into knots; but I could fill a volume with your contradictions.

May I ask a couple of straightforward questions?

Why do you say that Churchill "scotched the danger of the dangerous anti-Bolshevik" when he made the statement of a fool: "The Nazi regime is indistinguishable from the worst features of Communism"?

Why do you deprecate reprisal bombing and use the most fulsome flattery with the man who goes round the country threatening it?

Why do you seek freedom for India, and grovel before the man who will fight it to the death?

Why do you talk of Socialism and support the man who, in private, laughs at and scorns your decent ideals?

Are you purposely disingenuous when you adopt the school-tie manner in pretending not to know what a "people's peace" is? A peace with no annexations and no indemnities is obviously what you do not desire, as you showed after the ephemeral conquest of Cyrenaica. So, one assumes you want the imperialist peace of the Tory Leader.

When the "age of revolution" begins in Europe, as begin it will, will you still trail behind the gang who supported Koltchak and Denikin?

Never was a government which represents the opposite of "Churchill's decent way of life" more necessary for the future of the world. And I am certain that you know it. J.

An Arms Factory, Yorkshire.

[Is Stalin trailing "behind the gang who supported Koltchak and Denikin" because he accepts Mr. Churchill as a partner in resisting the common enemy? If Mr. Churchill is good enough for Stalin he should be good enough for J., even though J. agrees with us in deploring his Indian policy and in disliking various things he says. We fear J. is a poor reader of this journal if he thinks that we indulge in "fulsome flattery" of Mr. Churchill or anyone else; but we know that Mr. Churchill has honestly recognised the Nazi danger and sought alliance with the Soviet Union to meet it for at least the last five years (the Communists shouted for Mr. Churchill as national leader in the days of the popular front), and we suppose that no one doubts the honesty and energy of his drive to overthrow the Nazis now. By leading the fight against the Nazis during the last twelve months he has, incidentally, fought Stalin's battle for him—as Stalin, we believe, now recognises. We, too, want a different kind of government for "the future of the world," but, as every Communist now understands, the immediate danger happens to be a German conquest of both Britain and the U.S.S.R.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

"THE DAILY WORKER"

SIR,—The resolution of the National Committee of the Amalgamated Engineering Union asking for the lift of the ban on the *Daily Worker* has been followed by the decision of the Executive Committee of the South Wales Miners' Federation requesting the Home Secretary to receive a deputation representative of trade union opinion on this question.

Mr. Evan Williams, the Secretary of the S.W.M.F., states in his letter to Mr. Morrison that "my Council is of the opinion that the suppression of this paper was unjustified in the first instance and now, in the light of recent international events, we feel the matter is one of urgency."

When Mr. Morrison was asked to receive a deputation from the Editorial Board last April which wished to make representations regarding the lifting of the ban, he stated that the matter could not be considered as the circumstances which gave rise to it had not changed. The Home Secretary thus gave an answer in advance to those reactionaries who are still holding out for the retention of the ban. The circumstances have most certainly changed! Whatever the grounds for the action against the paper in January, they can hardly be said to exist in June.

It is possible that some high personages have so enjoyed the absence of the *Daily Worker* during the last five months that they would be very reluctant for it to reappear. But against their prejudices there might well be set the desires of the men in the arms factories as expressed in the A.E.U. resolution, and the positive effects upon production that a concession to their wishes would have.

WILLIAM RUST

150 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

COLOUR BAR

SIR,—"Unconvinced's" letter goes to the root of the matter. The answers he gets to the two questions he asks depend on whom they are asked of. When a book is published in China about us and our mentality, the Chinese ask, we hope, if the author's verdicts are based on the evidence of Chinese who know us so well that they understand what they casually overhear in England, in streets, buses, tea-rooms, and so forth. Chinese who cannot understand us talking to one another have, we think, no right at all to an opinion on the question long debated in China, whether foreign devils have minds which, though stunted and distorted, are yet the same minds as Chinese have. Few Europeans understand Africans talking to one another. Of those so qualified I never met one who believed Africans to be mentally our inferiors. Some, such as the Bishop of a teaching Order with schools in Italy as well as in the Kikuyu Province of Kenya, say that African youth is more gifted than European. I think they go too far, misled by Africans far greater eagerness to learn. Also, no scientific authority, so far as I know, supports the view that Africans' minds are in any respect inferior to Europeans'.

To "Unconvinced's" other question, why Africans are in their attainments so far behind us, I would invite him to find the answer for himself by asking why it was that our ancestors in Socrates' day were so backward as compared with Greeks; were quite as backward then, in fact, as Africans are now.

The tragedy of modern Africa is due mainly to people's failure to face facts and examine evidence. Especially do many Socialists prefer to believe what pleases them rather than what the evidence proves to be true. "Unconvinced," and the many who think as he does are right to have open minds, but only if their minds are open to conviction. Guiltiest of all are those writers who, professing to have Africans' interest at heart, conceal the truth from the public. Thus, for example, a recent letter to the *Times* contained the words, "we shall do what we can to prevent the extension of the colour bar north of the Zambezi," that is, from South Africa to countries that are governed under the authority of Imperial Parliament. But the truth is, as the writer of that letter knew perfectly well, that in those countries colour bars are quite as high, and as rigid and as numerous as in South Africa.

Your readers will not expect me in a letter either to provide the proof of that statement or to give the full answers to "Unconvinced's" questions that are contained in my *Colour Bar in East Africa*. Those who read it will know what to do to ensure that our Empire in Africa will outlast the empires of the past, by becoming the instrument of liberation.

Yalding, Kent. NORMAN LEYS

OVER THE WATER

SIR,—In your article "Over the Water," published in the issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of June 28th, 1941, in which you explained the conditions prevailing among the Czechoslovaks in Great Britain, you stated that in the Czechoslovak Government I am the representative of finance and "big business." I do not know the source from which you got that information. As it is not a question of opinion but of fact, it is easy to control it.

At the outbreak of the World War of 1914, I was in the United States of America, whence in 1916 I came to Europe to work with President Masaryk, Dr. Beneš and General Štefanik for the liberation of the Czechoslovak people. In October, 1918, I was appointed diplomatic representative of Czechoslovakia to the Court of Saint James's and in January 1921 Minister to Paris, a function which I conserved until the capitulation of the French Government at Bordeaux in June, 1940.

In the light of what precedes it is manifest that I never was engaged or employed in finance or "big business" and I never belonged to a political party representing finance or "big business."

134 Piccadilly, STEFAN OSUSKY
London, W.1.

[In naming Dr. Osusky as representing "finance," the author of the article had in mind his work as delegate in the Reparations Commissions till 1930, and on the League of Nation's Supervising Commission from 1925 to 1938, of which body of financial experts he was for years the brilliant chairman. We apologise for the impression made by the sentence that M. Osusky was engaged in big business; although in this connection the phrase was not intended in any derogatory sense.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

UNDER WHAT FLAG?

SIR,—I thank you heartily in the name of our soldiers for publishing my last letter. This letter and your article "....." are reproduced in the official Bulletin of the Czechoslovak Foreign Ministry in full Czech translation. I have the impression that President Benes, whose difficulties we understand fully, will deal now with this "problem" of our Army. We stand close behind Doctor Benes and we hope that soon these Prussian-minded and shortsighted *viri obscuri*, this dozen of high officers who belong in a panopticum of mediaeval curiosities, will be for us only a bad souvenir and nothing more.

You have fulfilled your public task. I hope that you can close now the chapter "Under What Flag?" and spare your place for more important problems. UNKNOWN CZECH SOLDIER

INDIA

SIR,—Paper is precious, my article was inevitably too short, and Sir Hari Singh Gour's letter shows that I did not make my proposal clear. The essential aim was—without legislation, and without the explicit agreement of the parties—to set going a process of *progressive acquiescence* which should end the existing deadlock: and end it upon lines which would naturally lead to the conversion of the Governor-General's Executive Council into a responsible Ministry when the war is over. The first step was the creation of a majority of representative Indians in the Executive Council: with additional seats to be kept vacant for the Congress and Muslim League till these bodies were willing to accept them.

The proposal to appoint an Indian public man to be Secretary of State was important but incidental.

18 Gilston Road, S.W.10 JOHN MAYNARD

EGG CONTROL

SIR,—I am simply amazed at "Critic's" paragraph in your last issue, in which he records "the swift and masterly evacuation by the Food Ministry of their quite untenable egg-line."

For many months now, there has been in the towns the worst possible maldistribution of an important article of food. Certain retailers have been able to provide their registered customers with several eggs a week—others through no fault of their own, have not had sufficient supplies to provide one egg per customer in several weeks. The greedy, the leisured and moneyed few have used their week-end car jaunts to visit farmers and to purchase for their own use dozens of eggs at a time, often at a price above the legal maximum.

The Ministry of Food, urged not least by the Co-operative Movement, produced a scheme to create a bottle-neck in the country by forcing eggs through packing stations and to control their distribution through all stages to the consumer. What happens? Certain "press lords" boast that they will smash the scheme. A one-sided press campaign is started; the Conservative Agricultural Committee in the House of Commons lends its powerful support, vested interest triumphs, and Lord Woolton compromises by increasing the number of producers outside the scheme to those owning up to fifty head of poultry. As a result, the success of the scheme is jeopardised because insufficient supplies will now pass through packing stations, and the black market is more firmly established than ever.

The Reform Club, S.W.1. ALAN J. SAINSBURY

[We did not oppose the principle of egg control, but pointed out that Lord Woolton's first scheme would not work. He seems to have agreed with us.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

BETTER TIMES

FROM time to time, thanks to the Dunne system, I hope to be able to give glimpses into the future. I am not among those who fritter away their sleeping hours; when my eyes close, I put aside Freudian reverie to go journeying through the fields of Space-time. Queer names of stations, accents, figures and fashions flit by. The other night I was reading a *Times* leader of June, 1954, which said that Hitler's methods were becoming plain, and that while more aeroplanes and tanks were needed, man for man we were a match for the German any day. On the same page a letter from a retired major-general pointed out that the bayonet was still the best defence against gas and the streptococcus.

Travelling Piquet

Here is a game for two, to while away your hours of town-travel. Each of the players reckons towards his game the persons or objects spotted by himself, according to this count:

Mr. Montagu Norman: game.

A Breton onion-boy: ditto.

A man giving a Free Lift to a pimpled girl in the street: 60.

A bearded policeman: 50.

A lady with a muff: 40.

A rabbit fur in a window marked "Best Rabbit": 40.

A mouse eating cheese: 30.

A man or a woman stopping to look in the undertaker's window: 20.

A taxi giving a road-signal: 10.

Last Words

The Oyster: Impossible! No R in the month.

Under Your Hat

Two persons (a lady, and a gentleman) have written accusing me of being a highbrow. No meaner slur could be cast, especially in war-time. Under a new regulation, highbrows will have to be indoors by ten, and anyone seen reading a book in public will be expected to give reasons for doing so. May I take this opportunity, then, of assuring my correspondents—and others similarly suspicious—that I am not what they imagine? My hair starts almost level with the eyes, and the forehead slopes back at an angle of roughly 20 degrees. By the strictest standards, I am a no-brow.

I am a no-brow, born and bred. No need, in my case, for plastic surgery to remove an early malformation.

The real test, in any case, is whether you have a tail or not. On this point, perhaps I may be allowed to keep silent. There are more people to-day, however, walking round with tails than might be supposed. The upright position is also definitely becoming less easy. Some ask where this is leading.

How You Can Help

If you suspect your neighbour of being a highbrow, just drop a postcard, giving the facts and the address, to Lord Elton, Minister of Dulce Domum.

ROUGH GALLEY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Dido and Aeneas," at the New Theatre

Thomas and Sally, a dramatic pastoral adapted by Frederick Austin from Bickerstaff and Arne, preceded Purcell's masterpiece. It is a light little tuneful piece, with milkmaid and wicked squire and a sailor's return, providing opportunities for melodrama. Miss Janet Hamilton-Smith made the most of her position as besieged maiden (her performance had a charming gesture of *chic*); Trevor Jones was robust as the sailor; but the Squire (Tom Williams) seemed woefully slow. What was lacking was not the ability to sing but to make fun—as Mr. Ashton, say, would have done in a ballet, or Mounsewer Eddie Gray in a music-hall sketch, with the same theme. Without this exuberance *Thomas and Sally*, though delightful at times, fell a little flat. The faults of performance in *Dido and Aeneas* were more purely musical, though not so serious as to spoil one's enjoyment of a score as calmly inspired as a Giorgione. Neither Dido (Edith Coates) nor Aeneas (Edmund Donlevy) had quite the presence or the voice for their parts; but both improved, and in the farewell a certain stridency in Miss Coates's singing was dramatically effective. Everyone else, of course, was sung and acted off the stage by Joan Cross as Belinda. Hers was a perfect performance, beautifully sung, discreetly mimed; and she contrived to give dignity even to her stretches of silence in an opera which tends to fall into tableaux. The production, except for some moments of bad lighting, was effective; it had one touch of real imagination—the umbrellas that went up in the thunderstorm and the couples chasing at intervals for cover. Mr. Lawrance Collingwood, too, deserves our gratitude for the orchestra's playing of music suited to his present means.

"Taming of the Shrew," in Southwark Park

Under a pleasant cluster of plane-trees in a corner of Southwark Park in Bermondsey Mr. Robert Atkins has built an Elizabethan platform-stage—not a theatre, simply the stage. To give the illusion of an auditorium, ground-sheets have been suspended all round the spectators. This makes them feel that they are not so much Elizabethan playgoers as a cluster of people of to-day in a marquee whose top has been removed. One advantage of the arrangement is that it is easy for the little boys of Bermondsey to peep through the numberless joins, just as little boys always do at country circuses where, if there are no chinks in the canvas, chinks are made. The arrangement has no other advantage whatever. Let Mr. Atkins, if only as an experiment, drop his ugly and make-shift ground-sheets and allow the populace, who cannot afford even his modest prices, to stand around and gaze their fill at his Shakespeare. This is done in the charming little open-air theatres of Copenhagen, but for some reason it is practised in this country only round band-stands. If Bermondsey turns out to be rude, unruly, or interruptive, Mr. Atkins simply lifts up his canvas again.

The opening production was *The Taming of the Shrew* with an excellent new Petruchio in Mr. Patrick Kinsella and Miss Claire Luce, a pretty blonde, giving Katherina far more poise, authority, and clear-speaking than one naturally expects in a revue-dancer. Among those outside trying to look in, a youth gave his young woman quite a severe slap, whereupon the youth's friend exclaimed: "Wot's the matter wiv ya?—'Tain't the Tamin' av the Shrew aht 'ere—it's in there!" Quite so! But why shut these good groundlings out of Shakespeare's Cockney-Italianate piece of pied tomfoolery?

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, July 5th—

Anglo-French Matinée: Edward Stirling and company in programme including Sacha Guitry's "Pasteur," Institut Français, 3.

R. W. G. Mackay: "Australia and the War for Democracy," City Literary Institute, Stukeley Street, W.C.2, 4.45.

SUNDAY, July 6th—

C. E. M. Joad: "The Religions of the World: Some Comments," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, July 7th—

Fabian International Affairs Group Snack Lunch, John Parker, M.P., "What Will Turkey Do?" 12 Great Newport St. W.C.2, 1.

"Books and Freedom" Exhibition, Public Library, George IV Bridge, Edinburgh.

TUESDAY, July 8th—

Pat Sloan: Questions and Answers on Russia, Friends House, Heath Street, N.W.3. 7.45.

WEDNESDAY, July 9th—

Lawn Tennis Exhibition Matches, 41 West Hill, Highgate, N.6. 4-8. Tickets 12s. 6d. from Lady Crosfield. In aid of Greek Comforts Fund.

P. J. Noel Baker, "Realistic Internationalism," Conway Hall, 7.

THURSDAY, July 10th—

Moiseiwitsch Recital, Cambridge Theatre, W.C.2, 6.30.

FRIDAY, July 11th—

Poetry Society's Commemoration of Centenary of death of Lermontov: Dr. Elizabeth Hill, 33 Portman Square, W.1, 5.30.

Federal Union: M. Henry Hauck, "France To-day," 28 Woburn Square, W.C.1, 7.

It's Wise to Make a Will

You may not yet have made a will, or you may perhaps desire to revise earlier arrangements for the disposition of your property or the care of an estate in which you are interested. In either event the facilities offered by the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company may strongly appeal to you.

This Company, formed by the Midland Bank in 1909, acts as executor or trustee under a will, solely or jointly with a private person. It also serves in a wide variety of additional capacities, including that of trustee under a marriage or other settlement.

A booklet entitled "*The Service of the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company*" explains the advantages secured by the appointment of the Company to act for you, describes the facilities offered and quotes the moderate fees charged.

This booklet and a brochure entitled "*The Wisdom of Making a Will*" may be obtained upon application at the HEAD OFFICE in Poultry, London, E.C. 2, the LONDON WEST END OFFICES at 128 New Bond Street, W.1 and 16 Regent Street, S.W.1 or at the Company's branches in leading provincial centres. Copies may also be obtained from the manager of any branch of the Midland Bank.

MIDLAND BANK

EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE COMPANY LIMITED

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I HAVE been reading an amusing Pelican: *English Diaries of the XVIth, XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries*, edited by James Aitken, a selection of our famous or curious diarists, from Edward VI to Pepys, Wesley, Fielding and Fanny Burney. To read the great journalisers, like Pepys or the author of *Evelina*, in this potted form is, of course, disgraceful; one must get the full-length jog-trot of a diarist's mind to know his quality. But there are a number of minor diarists who have done a page or two of some historical or personal interest and who are worth publishing only in extracts. John Bufton, now preserved by the Essex Archaeological Society, is an example of a minor and unconscious talent. Here is the cautionary tale of the Widow Comon:

> 1699, July 13th. The widow Comon was put into the river to see if she would sink, because she was suspected to be a witch—and she did not sink, but swim. And she was tried again July 19th and then she swam again, and did not sink.
>
> 24. The widow Comon was tried a third time by putting her into the river and she swam and did not sink.
>
> Dec. 27. The widow Comon, that was counted a witch was buried.

Though the profession of letters has produced many fine diaries—names like Fanny Burney, Swift, the Goncourts, come to mind—the greater praise goes to the amateurs who created the genre. It is not surprising that a writer can write; it *is* surprising to find that the gift of self-revelation lies secretive, obsessive, passionate, and regularly exercised after dark, in a civil servant, a preacher, a grocer or a country gentleman. Among authors it always rankles that just anyone can publish a book and above all that a nonentity should have been scribbling about the trivialities of his day for a lifetime—and for his own pleasure, too—and then should come to posthumous fame. But when authors have turned to diarising themselves they are very much the journeyman. The fact is that the bland professional competence of authors is fatal. The bustling, efficient ubiquity of a successful author's first person singular soon bounces intimacy off the page. Self-consciousness is the ruin of diaries and that is why Arnold Bennett's grotesque attempts to imitate the Goncourts was a failure. The diary is such a flimsy literary form that it shows up the stiffness of the faked sentiment, the smirk of insincerity or the platform manner at once.

One of the reasons for the failure of authors to equal the achievements of Pepys, Woodforde, Wesley—I take names at random—is that authors have had perforce to make their diaries the work of a spare half-hour at the end of the day. Bennett, for example, used to open his book just before going to bed and jot down the essentials of his evenings. It is just this jotting after a great deal of other writing, which won't do. The great diaries have been life works, obsessions, the personal coral reef, monuments either to a phenomenal self-love—Marie Bashkirtseff—or to the simpler but also revolutionary discovery that one likes one's own life. Nothing short of a full-time devotion, a refusal to write anything else, could have produced the diary of Pepys; other literary activity would have drained and weakened him, just as diary-keeping (like letter-writing) is a dangerous bleeder of authors. I have always been surprised that Arnold Bennett, who set himself up as such a canny and advised person on what a writer ought and ought not to do, should have urged writers to keep diaries. No writer ever got much good out of his own diary. By that nightly visit to his *Journal*, Arnold Bennett sterilised an active consciousness before going to sleep. I wonder how many stories and novels Bennett's *Journal* killed, how much of the day's sensibility and nascent imagination was regularly strangled at midnight and packed into the suitcase of the day's entry.

Among the Pelican authors, there are a King, an astrologer, an apprentice, a squire in the Civil War, a couple of clergymen and a shopkeeper. These are the obscure. The well known are Pepys, Evelyn, Swift, Wesley and Fanny Burney. As I have said, this is not the best way to read the great, but the *Journal to Stella* defeats me under any conditions. One day, no doubt, I shall rise to sympathy with all that chit-chat and jingle-jangle; I suppose what pleasure there is in reading that journal is the forbidden and exaggerated pleasure of the keyhole. Wesley is of greater psychological interest, especially on the subject of his conversion. He does manage to convey a really intimate sense of his agony, but I have read these pages several times in order to understand what happened in Wesley's mind, without having any very clear idea at the end. The conviction of sin—how hard it is to imagine, at any rate in the way Wesley felt it. Clearly Wesley's diary is one for the biographer and not the general reader.

The good diarist, like the good cook, must be, nine times out of ten, a worldling; diarising is one of the domestic arts, like gardening, cooking, sewing, arts in which a knowledge of the higher life and the greater way are of no help, and indeed are probably a nuisance. This is why Pepys and Fanny Burney sweep the board: they are worldlings or, as I would say, responsive pragmatists. Diaries, indeed, which describe ordinary feelings are very rare, for it seems easier to write down our thoughts than the small spontaneous movements of our hearts; yet Fanny Burney and Pepys are perfect in this respect. It is their great attraction. I think the secret of their success is that they do not lay claim to extraordinary emotion at any time. When Fanny runs away from the mad King at Kew and has to listen to his strange disordered speech she is a remarkable reporter simply because she is responsive to the simpler feelings. And Pepys at the Fire of London pleases us more than the dry, informative Evelyn, because of his simple affectability. Pepys observes the burned cat and the poor London pigeon that drops into the flames, with pity; he feels with every friend and citizen in his loss of goods:

> We stayed till, it being darkish, we saw the fire from this to the other side of the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses and all on fire and flaming at once: and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses and their ruin. So home with a sad heart and there find everybody discussing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater came with some few of his goods saved out of his house with was burned upon Fish Street Hill.

Pepys took his money and plate away by cart and himself rode with it dressed in his night-gown. In the end blocks of buildings were blown up to stop the spread of the Fire. Pepys noted one characteristic piece of domestic luggage in the boats which hurriedly took away the rescued goods: barge after barge went by with a pair of virginals. (What has been the characteristic object of London's second great flight from the burning—the radiogram?) Pepys' description of the Fire is exceptionally interesting now; and if we do not think of this episode as typical Pepys, we must remember that even in his juicier, scandalous, amorous and salty moments, Pepys never ceases to be the responsible householder, the citizen of repute who can weep a manly tear.

Turning to the minor diarists, the eye pauses upon the figure of Dr. Cartwright, who in 1686 became Bishop of Chester. An alarming incident occurred at his consecration. The Archbishop of Canterbury "fell flat on his face as he passed with the Holy Bread from the South to the North side of the altar." Adam Eyre is another remote character, a Yorkshire squire of slightly earlier time who is interesting historically. He gives an account of how he whipped his housemaid for slothfulness and foolishness; and then prays to be forgiven by God for his far greater sins. One entry seems to me a model of diarising, of fidelity to a mood:

> 10 (Sunday). This day I rested at home all day and had various thoughts by reason of the variety of men's opinions I find in reading; but still I hope God will be my guide; and, in the afternoon I walked into the fields with my wife.

What English Sundays that describes! And how many inferior diarists would have given us their "various thoughts" in all their deadly variety.

Both these writers are surpassed by Thomas Turner, who was a Sussex shopkeeper who wrote a diary between 1754 and 1765. Turner was evidently one of those driven to diarising by the need of repentance—the Methodists were responsible for turning an enormous dead-and-alive population into diarists of soul-searching and religious introspection—for he was always going off the straight and narrow path. For one who had some education and sensibility—Turner had read Shakespeare, *Paradise Lost* and *Clarissa*—he was a martyr to gross situations. He is always staggering about in some awful drunken knockabout farce. For example, he and a small party sit down to a supper of four boiled chickens, four boiled ducks, minced veal, sausages, cold roast goose, pastry and ham, and very soon "our behaviour was far from that of serious, harmless mirth; it was downright ostreperous." But worse happened two days later:

> We continued drinking like horses, as the vulgar phrase is, and singing till many of us were very drunk, and then we went to dancing and pulling wigs, caps and hats; and this we continued in this frantic manner, behaving more like mad people than Christians.

Alas for Turner. Frequently the entry comes: "At home all day; very piteous." Supported by wise quotations from Solomon on the evils of strong drink.

The diary as a literary form emerged from its day-book and account-book phase at the end of the Renaissance. In that wonderful period people stepped free at last of the great immolation of the Middle Ages, from that group life which had protected the individual when Roman civilisation collapsed, but which also ensured that his highest capacities should not flower. It is the sudden unrationing of personality which produces public autobiographies like Cellini's, or the private autobiographies of the diarists. People must have began to feel a certain safety from political espionage, a sudden pleasure in the discovery of themselves, the right to survey their scene equably and without fear.

V. S. PRITCHETT

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

William Briggs Trust Ltd.

*

LONDON UNIVERSITY DEGREES

U.C.C., founded 1887, with its resident staff of highly qualified tutors, prepares students by post for the Matriculation, Special Entrance, Intermediate, and Degree examinations of London University. The College is an Educational Trust, not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Low fees; instalments. Textbook library. Free re-preparation in the event of failure. Over 10,000 U.C.C. students passed London University examinations during 1930-1940.

*

PROSPECTUS post free from the Registrar,

70 Burlington House, Cambridge

adventure

MONGOL JOURNEYS

Owen Lattimore

Adventures, folk-lore, customs and ceremonies in Inner Mongolia, the land of Jenghis Khan. A realistic picture of a part of the world which lies beyond the borders of civilisation as the Western world understands it. [12s 6d]

I WAS ONE OF THEM

Zygmunt Litynski

'Keen observation, accurate information, combined with adventure and a vivid style, all lift this book out of the ruck of volumes which picture France's downfall. . . .'
Free Europe [10s 6d]

NO RISKS— NO ROMANCE

Alan Burgess

'Whether he is guiding you on strange mountains, over rough seas, or through the sun-drenched South Sea islands, he shows that in the modern world the exploring breed still exists.'
Manchester Evening News
[12s 6d]

politics

CRISIS OF CIVILISATION

Alfred Cobban

Mr. Cobban analyses the roots of social government and the State in the light of present events, and puts forward in detail a plan for Britain's New Order, both in Europe and at home.
[12s 6d]

HISTORY IN MY TIME

Otto Strasser

Translated from the German and with an introduction by Douglas Reed. 'This book may be read with profit by those who have heard of Otto Strasser as a potential leader of the German people.'
The Listener [10s 6d]

GERMANY POSSESSED

H. G. Baynes

Dr. Baynes gives a careful, interesting and illuminating analysis of Hitler, and shows how his mediumistic gifts make him the mouthpiece of the sub-conscious of the German people. [16s]

JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

all prices are net

AUDEN MEDITATES

New Year Letter. By W. H. AUDEN. *Faber.* 10s. 6d.

Auden is—or was, should I say, on the evidence of *New Year Letter*?—the best poet of his generation writing in English. He left England for America; I have nothing against that. Poets are rare, and the more poets who can save their skins in this war, the better perhaps for everyone. But they must save their poetry, too. *New Year Letter* suggests that Auden is fast losing his.

The Letter is a philosophical poem 1,707 lines long, with notes occupying a further 79 pages. "Mr. Auden has been meditating," the publisher tells us; and "the book as a whole constitutes a complex poetical justification of the position at which the author has arrived." I have read it five times, with a mixture of astonishment, boredom, pleasure and increasing scepticism, and still I don't know what that position is. Certainly, it is better to be free to meditate in Long Island; certainly, peace and friendship and love are better; certainly, it is better to be alive. Echoes of the New Year party—

> And Schubert sang and Mozart played
> And Gluck and food and friendship made
> Our privileged community
> That real republic which must be
> The State all politicians claim,
> Even the worst, to be their aim—

how delightful these echoes would be, if it weren't for the "justification," the assumption of superior reality. Good wishes are sent out; news filters through from Europe:

> Our news is seldom good: the heart,
> As Zola said, must always start
> The day by swallowing its toad
> Of failure and disgust. Our road
> Gets worse and we seem altogether
> Lost as our theories like the weather
> Veer round completely every day
> And all that we can always say
> Is: true democracy begins
> With free confession of our sins . . .

In that last phrase—and elsewhere in the passages already quoted—the reader may notice a tendency to square world event with private necessity. Democracy is fighting for its life: Auden wants to confess (but stops short, by the way); hence "true" democracy becomes private confession. That, as I see it, is the emotional pattern of *New Year Letter*, though not of course its argument.

What is that argument? Well, it goes round and round; favourite authors file past with a shrug or a nod; philosophy is called over; Plato's lie of the Intellect, Rousseau's illusion of the Animal, hover and vanish; Marx (in a moving passage) gets a long and sympathetic hearing; but Capital, Cause and Effect, Being and Becoming, Idea and Reality, all give way in the end to the lights of introversion. Man is lonely; his herd life can be made real through love. Others have reached this conclusion before; but Auden, looking for religion, has found only the psycho-analysts. There are signs, though, of a stirring of faith.

The publishers say that this is "the most important statement he has made for a long time." Statement of what? Don't know. And what other "important statements" has Auden made? Again, don't know. Here, he seems rather to have sought out the grand and empty word. Such phrases as "The candid psycho-pompos spoke," "Industry's Quicunque Vult," "the *dialegesthai* of the rich at cocktail parties," "the Parousia of liberty," "calm solificatio," can spring from only one impulse: need for mumbo-jumbo. Hence also, the monotony of sentences trailing over twenty and more lines, the encyclopaedism, the sometimes weird citations, the notes more often leading away from than sharpening the text. Why all this apparatus of insight? What does it reveal?

This much at least. Auden has always felt the craving for myth and magic. Once it was ancestor worship, then it was *The Book of the It*, now it's a mixture of Marx and Dante and statistics from State Departments and Tchehov's letters and titbits of anthropology and Blake's *Proverbs of Heaven and Hell* and Baudelaire's *Fusées* and Nietzsche, and of course anything psychoanalytic that's going. To take one of the most reverently handled of these sources, Georg Groddeck's *The Book of the It*, I quote some lines from the extract given in Auden's Notes:

> And then I ask the patient, Why have you a nose? To smell with, he replies. So I say, your It has given you a cold in order that you shall not smell something or other. Find out what it is you are not to smell. And now and again the patient will actually find out some smell which he wants to escape, and you need not believe it, but I do—when he has found it, the cold disappears.

Suppose he doesn't find it, though? And who is really the author of the above paragraph, Groddeck or James Thurber? Groddeck, it seems. There have been hints of this sage in Auden's poetry before; and so long as Auden could make poetic use of him (as in the sonnet of "the liar's quinsy") Groddeck was his affair. But now we are asked to accept the culture-germ as the pearl.

Auden's learning—to judge from its display here—is on the jackdaw principle. However you look at it, the encyclopaedism of *New Year Letter* is bizarre, striking and perversely unorganised. He can't be bothered, presumably, to read Flaubert, but he will pick up scraps about Flaubert. The method has drawbacks. In the text of the poem appear the lines:

> The Arts? Well, Flaubert didn't say
> Of *artists: Ils sont sans le vrai.*

Quite so; and "he talked like poor Poll" doesn't refer to Dr. Johnson. But this is improved on in the Notes: "He [Flaubert] said it of peasants." Well, he didn't. He said it of a bourgeois household, friends of his niece. But that might not suit Auden's book so well.

It would be easy to compile a *sottisier* from *New Year Letter*. The "reverent frivolity," dear to its author, descends as often as not to solemn silliness. How is this as a summing up of Baudelaire?

> . . . Baudelaire went mad protesting
> That Progress is not interesting
> And thought he was an albatross . . .

Or this as an appraisal of Wagner's operas?

> As studies in tribulation, as psycho-analytic case-histories, they are masterpieces. . . .

Aesthetics:

> Definition of a classical artist: one whose dementia is simply the occasion for release of his talent.

Ethics:

> Forgiveness of sin does not mean that the effect of an act is annulled, but that we are shown what that effect is. This knowledge that we have been punished, but not judged, removes our burden of guilt, for guilt is, in part, ignorance of the exact effect of our guilt upon others, and in part a dread that upon ourselves it has had no effect at all, that we are so unimportant as to be beneath the notice of the Divine Justice. . . .

And so on. Those who want to pursue the matter further will find in the 79 pages of notes, fashionably embedded, a clue: "For this quotation and for the source of many ideas in the poem *v.* Charles Williams, *The Descent of the Dove.*"

New Year Letter isn't all pretentiousness. There are passages (the prayer towards the close of the Letter, and one or two sonnets besides) which show that Auden can still be a fine poet despite quirks and riddles.

> O Unicorn among the Cedars
> To whom no magic charm can lead us,
> White childhood moving like a sigh
> Through the green woods unharmed in thy
> Sophisticated innocence
> To call thy true love to the dance;
> O Dove of science and of light
> Upon the branches of the night;
> O Icthus playful in the deep
> Sea-lodges that for ever keep
> Their secret of excitement hidden;
> O sudden Wind that blows unbidden
> Parting the quiet reeds; O Voice
> Within the labyrinth of choice
> Only the passive listener hears;
> O Clock and Keeper of the years;
> O Source of equity and rest;
> *Quando non fuerit, non est,*
> It without image, paradigm
> Of matter, motion, number, time,
> The grinning gap of Hell, the hill
> Of Venus and the stairs of Will,
> Disturb our negligence and chill,
> Convict our pride of its offence
> In all things, even penitence,
> Instruct as in the civil art
> Of making from the muddled heart
> A desert and a city where
> The thoughts that have to labour there
> May find locality and peace,
> And pent-up feelings, their release.
> Send strength sufficient to our day,
> And point our knowledge on its way,
> *O da quod jubes, Domine.*

That contains in essentials all the "message" of *New Year Letter*.

G. W. STONIER

NEW NOVELS

The Ill-Made Knight. By T. H. WHITE. *Collins.* 8s. 6d.

Salutation Inn. By RICHARD GREY. *Michael Joseph.* 8s.

No Return from Bali. By JOHAN FABRICIUS. *Collins.* 8s.

Journey into Morning. By MAX MUNDLAK. *Staples.* 8s. 6d.

Presenting Moonshine. By JOHN COLLIER. *Macmillan.* 8s. 6d.

The nineteenth-century revival of the Arthurian legend is an interesting episode in the history of literary fashion, and its various aspects are fascinating. Arthur nowadays trembles on the brink of being an historical figure, as an unseen star is manifest by its effects on other stars before it is actually discovered, and there seems sufficient evidence to locate him in historical time towards the close of the fifth century. He seems to have been an anachronistic revival in his own time, attempting to take the place of the departed Roman *comes Britannorum*, and inducing the Britons to use the Roman heavy cavalry technique, with the preservation of the dissolving Romano-British civilisation as his object. The period is an almost complete blank, in tradition as in history, and in both the Welsh and medieval English Arthurian legends Rome has vanished altogether and the point of the struggle is gone. Malory pinned his story to the name, and left it to be an obscure literary work divorced from any wide popularity until it came to life in the hey-day of the Romantics, to become strangely and inexplicably part of popular lore, almost a part of youth itself. It is baffling to try to find what made the story suddenly revive. Once Tennyson had created his particular version of the story it was filled with a contemporary life that ensured its survival as long as the morality it so superbly reflected had any meaning, and its present popularity is plain enough and easy enough to understand: the story of Arthur, Lancelot, and Guinevere circles about loyalty, guilt, and sex, until every aspect of marriage has been considered, and most aspects of friendship. Now that it is fixed as a story of personal relations it seems doomed to be retold with every shift of feeling that enters the field of *idées reçues* in these matters, a strange fate for a Divisional General to end as a lay figure on which to dis-

SEVERAL WARS:

THE MILITARY STRUGGLE

BATTLE FOR THE WORLD by Max Werner. Expert history of strategy and diplomacy of war to date. "*Shows invaluable knowledge of contemporary armies. What he tells us of bankruptcy of French & British doctrines of war is true, instructive. Has much to tell of quality of Red Army. Appreciates importance of stand this country has made since French collapse: strongly advocates American intervention. Book to read & read again*"—General Pope-Hennessy (Observer). Just out, 7/6

THE RED ARMY MOVES by Geoffrey Cox. "*No one should miss it: none was ever more opportune*"—Gen. Pope-Hennessy (Observer) "*Entertaining, vivid, dramatic. Particularly valuable just now are his impressions of the Russian Army's tanks, planes, guns, methods, morale*"—S. Times, 16/-

FIGHTER COMMAND by A. B. Austin. Full story of RAF Command that saved Britain: author, on Dowding's staff, given complete freedom of Fighter Command secrets. "*No book gives clearer picture of magnificent achievement*"—Times Lit. Supp. 4th edition, illustrated, 8/6

HOME GUARD FOR VICTORY by Hugh Slater. "*Best of the H.G. manuals*"—New Statesman. 6th edition, 2/6

WAR INTO EUROPE by Hugh Slater, formerly Chief of Operations, International Brigade Staff, Spain. How Hitler can be beaten by the invasion of Europe. "*No soldier, from senior commander to intelligent private, is unlikely to profit by a study of it*"—Times Lit. Supp. Just out, 5/-

THE STRUGGLE OF IDEAS

A FAITH TO FIGHT FOR by John Strachey. "*One of the clearest & most dramatic statements that have yet been written on the issues at stake in the war against Nazi domination*"—Reynolds. "*An able & eloquent statement of the Socialist attitude to this war*"—Evening Standard. 3rd edition, 6/-

GUIDE TO THE NEW WORLD by H. G. Wells. "*Tremendously topical. Ranges with provocative brilliance over stricken field of contemporary civilisation, tracing tragic effects to prime causes, weighing future hopes against present hazards. The rapid fire of his invective riddles just & possibly unjust targets alike*"—Observer. 4/-

THE GERMANS — ARE THEY HUMAN? by Prof. Laski. Answer to Vansittart. 1d.

FOR MY ENEMY DAUGHTER by Leonora Eyles. Author's daughter is married to a Roman. "*Into silence between two enemy countries she has written letters that form remarkable book. For deep wisdom, compassion, sanity, & tough English temper, a book not only to be read, but to be pondered on & lived with*"—Times. 3rd edition, 8/6

HELP US GERMANS TO BEAT THE NAZIS! by Heinrich Fraenkel. "*Unembittered by the barbed wire of the Isle of Man, he offers invaluable suggestions for utilising the German exiles*"—E. O. Lorimer (Time & Tide) "*Should be read from cover to cover by Churchill*"—Forward "*Such books are needed to avert the defeat of every idea for which we fight*"—Manchester Guardian. 2nd edition, 2/6

THE STRUGGLE AT HOME

BETRAYAL OF THE LEFT. Edited by Victor Gollancz. Refutation of Communist Policy of Revolutionary Defeatism (now, since the Nazi attack on Russia, happily reversed). 2nd edition, 9/-

RATS! by Pied Piper. "*Describes the wartime activities of big business and big finance. Beg, borrow or steal it*"—Cassandra (Daily Mirror) "*The documented facts should put electric shock into dumbest of our legislative yes-men*"—Cummings (News Chron.) "*Describes some very disturbing aspects of Big Business and its relation to present war. It was not without good reason that Gunther gave publishing house of Gollancz as one of vital factors affecting English life.*" 4th edition, 5/-

MY DEAR CHURCHILL by Populus. Open letters to persons in authority. "*The best small volume on the Principles of War Economics that has been published since the outbreak of hostilities.*"—T. Balogh (New Statesman) "*A great book*"—H. G. Wells. 2nd edition, 2/6

GUILTY MEN. 167th thousand, 2/6

WE WERE NOT ALL WRONG by Geoffrey Mander, M.P. Author refutes, with chapter and verse, assertion of Guilty Men, that, if they were guilty, so were we all—Liberals, Labourites, etc. "*Good service for honest thinking*"—Manchester Guardian. 3rd edition, 2/6

THE SPIRIT OF BRITAIN

ONE MAN'S YEAR, war-autobiography by Bernard Newman. "*Should be in every mess, every school, every household*"—Punch. 3rd edition, 9/-

THRO' THE DARK NIGHT by J. L. Hodson. 1st instalment of his war-diary. "*Magnificent. Best book written about England in this war*"—Hugh Walpole. 6th ed, 10/6

POST D by John Strachey. Reminiscences of an Air Raid Warden. "*The only work of literature produced by the Blitz*"—Graham Greene (Spectator). 2nd edition, 3/6

TOWARDS THE MORNING by J. L. Hodson. 2nd instalment of his war-diary. "*I have been reading it with the greatest interest. The best reading I know of just now*"—H. G. Wells. Just out, 8/6

BOMBER'S MOON by Negley Farson, illustrated by Tom Purvis. "*They have caught the dauntless spirit of London in the Blitz*"—Telegraph "*Enthralling now and invaluable for the future*"—Times Lit. Supp. "*A book for the world to read*"—Shanks (S. Times). 4th edition, 8/6

& DODD'S DIARY (5th Ed)

Left Book Club Members can get many of above at ½ price or less: write to Gollancz, 14 Henrietta St., for Club prospectus

The Prisoner At Laeken

King Leopold
Legend and fact

By Emile Cammaerts

★

With a Preface by
Admiral of the Fleet
SIR ROGER KEYES, BT.

Frank and convincing . . . a vital service to the Allies.—*The Times.* M. Cammaerts' brilliant book.—*Times Literary Supplement.* A book of high historical importance.—*Daily Telegraph.* This eloquent sincere convincing book ; Sir Roger Keyes' striking preface.—*Observer.* A remarkable study.—*Sunday Times.*

3rd Large Printing
10/6 net

CRESSET

Whatever your walk in life

you may enjoy the many advantages of a banking account, and the Westminster Bank with over a hundred years of experience and an extensive system of branch offices is amply equipped to meet your banking requirements.

For a trader especially the mere possession of a banking account carries with it a certain business status, added to which he is secure in the knowledge that money entrusted to the Bank is deposited in the safest place possible under existing conditions. There is the convenience of paying bills by cheque instead of keeping large amounts of cash on hand, while the passbook or statement of account forms a valuable additional record of business dealings.

The Manager of any branch of the Westminster Bank will readily give further details of the variety of services available to the Bank's customers.

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED
Head Office:
41 Lothbury, London, E.C.2

play the latest modes of morals. *The Ill-Made Knight* is the third of Mr. T. H. White's excursions with King Arthur and is concerned with Lancelot and the mix up with Arthur, Guinevere and Elaine. It is a rather fascinating display. Lancelot begins by hating Guinevere because she has a crush on Arthur, but Arthur tells Jenny to be kind to Lance and that fixes that. The love of Elaine is seen in agreeably simple terms "she had been following his career of chivalry like a schoolchild doting upon Hobbs," and Lancelot's status as the peerless knight is compared seriously with that of Bradman in our time; when Lancelot achieves a genuine miracle marking him as being in God's grace the Knights of the Table behave like the crowd at a cricket match when something exciting has happened. The mixture of schoolboy standards with rather dashing sexual ethics leaves one at a loss to place this version of the story, it is difficult to know where it comes from. Close examination of the book suggests that King Arthur's court is in this case the analogue of those strange clubs which were run in conjunction with the by-pass-side roadhouses which were a feature of the armistice years, or perhaps a suburban rugger club. The second idea seems better when one thinks of the way The Grail demands chastity. Lancelot breaks training before the big match and loses the cup . . . .

The wrapper of *The Ill-Made Knight* announces that the author has been compared to Lewis Carroll, Lear, Mark Twain, Walt Disney, Kenneth Grahame and W. S. Gilbert, which conjures up a pretty picture of a composite style, and the publishers of *Salutation Inn* play the same game in bringing their man up against a trio made up of March Cost, Claude Houghton, and Graham Greene. Even assuming that one is meant to think of F. L. Green this style retains a griffonlike quality which would make it interesting to encounter. Mr. Richard Gray's style is, however, his own, a rich modern gothic. His story is of the stay in a decayed seaport of a man wanted for murder, and of how he slowly falls into a panic and gives himself away. There is very little to it, but what there is is well done. *Salutation Inn* is apparently a first novel, but one feels that Mr. Gray has not far to go to become an interesting and accomplished writer. He has already a refreshing directness and vigour.

The title of Mr. Johan Fabricius' novel is odd as the moral of the story told seems to be: They're Bound to Come Back From Bali. The hero takes a house with all the usual offices and a native mistress from a Swedish painter who can't face life in Bali any more, and after about nine months he can't stand it any more either. His big disillusionment comes when the mistress has an abortion rather than bear a child for a man who treats her as one of the usual offices. This drab little anecdote is told rather well, and the background of magic dances, cockfights, and indolent, easy living is very nicely drawn. There is a sub-plot concerned with an American woman and Princeling which is as funny as Ashley's affair with the bull-fighter in *The Sun Also Rises*, a work which *No Return From Bali* resembles in its picture of expatriates playing against time and being killed by it. Someone declared that a good novel should resemble the conversation of well-bred persons and if one accepts this idea *No Return From Bali* is a good novel: it is discreetly malicious, urbane, in good taste, and could be read aloud in any company.

This could certainly not be said of *Journey Into Morning* which deals with misfits in a strange society in a somewhat more ruthless manner, the misfits in this case being Polish Jews and the island being England. It is all a little staggering, the hero is presented as a sympathetic character and is described as an Idealist, but his behaviour is calculated to rouse insular prejudices, forcing the reader to disagree violently with the author's view of his man. It is difficult to sympathise with the marital difficulties of a personage who enters upon the contract largely owing to the high prices charged by West End streetwalkers, difficult not to think that such a man is a little unpleasant. One feels again that the hero's story, from the time he cancels his indentures of apprenticeship as a linotype operator because a relative derides him for throwing away his life among Christians, until he makes a happy ending by celebrating a clandestine bigamous marriage, is not the tale of social injustice that the author would have one believe. One feels that the complaints about the hero's encounters with anti-semitism are unreasonable, as if a malaria germ were to kick up a fuss when its host's temperature rose. Where Jerome Weidman deliberately drew his picture of the anti-social Jew in *I Can Get It For You Wholesale*, and *What's In It For Me*, Mr. Mundlak follows—it seems unconsciously—and makes the reason for pogroms plain. A wholly strange point of view is always interesting and the reader is cordially recommended to a work which will be almost certain to fox him at every turn, many of its standpoints being as unrealisable as that of the Indian gentleman who said, "Now let us suppose that God has taken the form of an elephant . . . ." in clearing up a theological point.

Presenting Moonshine is an agreeable collection of short stories which display all Mr. Collier's neatness of phrase and wit. Two stories, *Thus I Refute Beelzy*, and *Witches Money* are very good horror stories indeed, and the majority are delightful trifles which are sometimes very funny indeed.

ANTHONY WEST

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION

The British Constitution. By W. IVOR JENNINGS. *Cambridge University Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The departure of Dr. Jennings to take up a university principalship in Ceylon is a grave loss to British academic life. In the course of little over a decade he had built up for himself a position comparable to that of the late Professor Dicey before the last war. His command of the materials of his subject, his massive commonsense, his power to dig down to first principles—all these have been alike remarkable. It is greatly to be hoped that his administrative preoccupations in Ceylon will still leave him time to add to his already considerable achievement.

The present book is avowedly a general and elementary introduction to its subject. But it is a further illustration of the general truth that only a master of the subject can write a first-rate introduction to it. For it is not necessary to accept all that Dr. Jennings urges to recognise how admirable are the proportions, how excellent the examples, by which he gives clarity to a general theme. On the position of the Prime Minister, on the working of the Cabinet, on the habits of Parliament, it is difficult to think of a wiser treatment in small compass. Dr. Jennings has in a high degree that feel of institutions at work which, a little curiously, is one of the rarest qualities among lawyers. He is able to see almost instinctively what the elements are which give our constitution its working adequacy. He penetrates beyond the formulae to the men who make the ideas work. If the British Council knows its job, it will see that this book is widely distributed wherever it is desirable that our constitution should be understood.

A general admiration is, of course, compatible with differences in detail. I suspect that the

The Greatest Offer

ever made to

NEW WRITERS

If you are interested in writing as an extra source of income you should take advantage of the unparalleled offer now made by The Regent Institute—the offer to supply at a nominal charge the first lesson of its two highly successful courses, together with a copy of "How to Succeed as a Writer," an informative booklet for new writers. Here are the main contents at a glance:

(a) A First Lesson in Article Writing

Getting the Writing Habit
Making a Start
The Journalistic Angle
Writing Your First Article
How to Get Into Print Quickly
Things You Should Know

(b) A First Lesson in Story Writing

What a Short Story Is
The Four Ways of Telling a Story
How Good Plots are Built Up
Training the Fictional Eye
Marketing MSS.
Questions Often Asked

(c) "How to Succeed as a Writer"

The New Writer's Chance
Openings for the Short Story Writer
What Editors Want
Earning While Learning
The Ideal Hobby in War-Time
The Recommended Courses

Don't miss this exceptional opportunity. Send one shilling for a **full-size specimen lesson** of each of these world-famous courses, together with a copy of the best-known guide for new writers—*without any obligation*. Write to-day to The Regent Institute (Dept. 191M), Regent House, Palace Gate, London, W.8.

1/-

THE
SOVIET-FINNISH CAMPAIGN
by
Major A. S. Hooper
Post Free 4d.

". . . OF FIRST-RATE SOCIAL AND MILITARY IMPORTANCE"—BERNARD SHAW

Distributors—
COLLET'S BOOKSHOPS
LONDON, 66, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2.
GLASGOW, 1a, Dundas Street.
MANCHESTER, 13/15a, Hanging Ditch.

A Lancashire War Medallist

WAR MEANS MORE PERILS FOR HIM TO FACE

The work of this vital service must go on. In time of War it may be harder for you to give, but remember that the work of these heroic men is much harder and more dangerous. Send us whatever you can afford.

ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
Life-Boat House, Boreham Wood, Herts.
The EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer, Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

CURRENT AFFAIRS

FACING THE FACTS IN FOREIGN POLICY

By ALGERNON CECIL

5s. net

"The facts which Mr. Cecil faces in his new book are . . . the facts which during the years between wars brought us where we are to-day . . . Mr. Cecil writes so quietly, all passion spent." *The Sphere*

"This book is well worth reading . . . in many ways it bears a family likeness to Lord Cecil's recent book . . . both are sincere, serious and practical minded." *Spectator*

WHO ARE THE AMERICANS?

By W. DWIGHT WHITNEY

7s. 6d. net

"This book should have a very large sale. . . . It is informative, accurate and readable. . . . It is particularly to be hoped that this book will be widely read by Cabinet Ministers and Members of Parliament." *The Spectator*

"A brilliant sketch which should be made compulsory reading for all writers and talkers on American affairs." *Times*

"Provides on almost every page some lucid statement of home truths about America." *New Statesman*

FIRST COMPLETE BIOGRAPHY

CARMEN SYLVA

Queen and Woman

By ELIZABETH BURGOYNE

12s. 6d. net

"An intimate study . . . Miss Burgoyne has had access to letters and reminiscences never before published. It is 'a tale to touch hearts.'" *Daily Telegraph*

"Complete and intimate . . . her vivid, impulsive, romantic and self-dramatizing personality is well brought out." *Times*

THE INK STREET MURDER

By F. D. GRIERSON

7s. 6d. net

"One of his most enjoyable crime stories." *News Chronicle*

"A good day's sport for any lover of detective fiction." *Tatler*

COMING SHORTLY

BRUNO HEILIG'S

MEN CRUCIFIED

The first piece of genuine literature to come out of a Nazi Concentration camp. (July.)

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

"A gorgeous story"
NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

TRELAWNY

MARGARET ARMSTRONG

Author of "Fanny Kemble: A Passionate Victorian"

Friend of Shelley, Byron and Swinburn, pirate, rescuer and husband of a beautiful slave, champion of Greek liberty—Trelawny's life was incredibly adventurous. This is a certain "book of the year." Illus. 15/-

POLYNESIAN PARADISE

DONALD SLOAN

A vivid narrative of personal adventure and a unique picture of age-old Samoan civilisation. "Laymen and ethnologists will learn much from this account of a lovable and unspoilt people. A delight to read. Few will not envy him his experiences."—*Times Lit. Supp.* Illus. 12/6

ANIMALS ARE LIKE THAT

FRANK BUCK

Thrills and excitement abound in "Bring-'Em-Back-Alive-" Frank Buck's new account of adventures with wild animals in the jungle: a fascinating story of man's ingenuity versus animal instinct and of animal traits and personalities. Illus. 12/6

ALASKA CHALLENGE

RUTH & BILL ALBEE

Two years across the unmapped North. "This adventure in travel has to be read to be believed; but being read, belief grows on amazement. Rough, warm, finely told."—*Times Lit. Supp.* "Exciting, authentic, grandly adventurous."—*Cavalcade.* "Fascinating, full of exciting tales."—*Daily Sketch.* Illus. 15/-

Recommended Thrillers

The Night Assassin

MAURICE B. DIX

A sizzling thriller of the inky London blackout. "Highly exciting."—*Times Lit. Supp.* 7/6

Dangerous Derelict

VICTOR BAYLEY

Observer: "American gangsters try to steal Rajah's treasure. Wild fantasy with good realistic background." 8/-

The Major Has 7 Guests

CONSTANCE WAGNER

Observer: "Intelligent thriller with good characters and dialogue, in Fascist State on eve of war. Violent climax." 7/6

She'll be Dead by Morning

DANA CHAMBERS

New Jim Steele mystery, even better than "Some Day I'll Kill You." Lightning-paced story of one night and one day. 7/6

ROBERT HALE

HOVIS
TRADE MARK
IT'S RICH IN VITAMIN 'B'

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

BANISH THAT HEADACHE for 2½d

There's nothing so tormenting as the endless throb . . . throb . . . throb of a thumping headache. But there's nothing so thrilling as feeling the pain vanish—for 2½d.! And it DOES if you take *Beechams Powders* —the unique remedy every sufferer praises. Because of their special powder form *Beechams Powders* are both QUICKER-ACTING and MORE CERTAIN to bring relief! *Beechams Powders* act also as a wonderful pick-me-up — steadying your Nerves, banishing Fatigue and relieving Depression.

The Quicker Acting Remedy for HEADACHES RHEUMATISM FATIGUE NERVOUS EXHAUSTION NEURALGIA HAY FEVER COLDS, CHILLS FEVERISHNESS

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/5. Single Powders 2½d. each. (Including Purchase Tax.) A Beecham Product.

BEECHAMS POWDERS Brand
ACT LIKE MAGIC 2½D EACH

monarchy is a far more complicated institution than Dr. Jennings here makes it appear; and if its influence is inevitably interstitial, there are important realms in which it is still profound. I believe, too, that more ought to have been made than is here made of the proven limitations of the administrative division of the civil service. Its great merits ought not to obscure the fact that both in the inter-war years, as in the war itself, there has been a grave failure of iniatitve and imagination, and that this raises issues about the methods of appointment and promotion which require immediate attention. What may be called the pre-natal control of social experiment by officials is an influence of great importance in our system. Things work well when there is in a department either a great minister, like Lord Haldane, or a great civil servant, like Sir Robert Morant. If both types are absent at once, we get that "dull government" of which Bagehot wrote; and epochs of crisis are not the times for dull government.

I am sorry, too, that Dr. Jennings did not find room for a chapter on the law. The age requires a Bentham; the problems of law reform have a bearing upon the working of our constitution far more important than is usually seen. It would have been valuable to have the views of so distinguished a commentator upon this theme, the more so as Dr. Jennings was one of the few teachers of law in this country who was fully aware that jurisprudence has a social context. In this respect, the inferiority of our law schools to the analogous American institutions is a grave matter. It is greatly to be hoped that this need will be filled in the next edition of this admirable book.

HAROLD J. LASKI

ONE OF OUR MASTERS

The Life and Times of St. Leo the Great. By TREVOR JALLAND, M.A., B.D. *S.P.C.K.* 21*s.*

Now when our Western Civilisation is committing suicide it is of absorbing interest to read of those early centuries when, amid the collapse of that formula of living created mainly by the deeds and the ideas of the Mediterranean basin, a new formula was struggling into existence. Not only because, in old age, one dwells with pleasure on one's formative years. But because there is always the enthralling question: Where did we go wrong? What seeds were sown by those remote forefathers whose bitter fruits we are enjoying to-day?

During those centuries, when Roman order had fallen into chaos and a new order was struggling to emerge, one of the great constructive factors was undoubtedly the Catholic Church. It drew into its orbit most of the great creative minds of the times. It preserved and taught to the Barbarians the Graeco-Roman respect for law as against brute force. It gave to the lives of ordinary men meaning and discipline. Of course it made mistakes. Often the great Fathers of the early Church seem to stress what is comparatively unimportant and to ignore vital issues. And yet it is no easy thing to judge, at this great distance, how far some offences (viz. sexual incontinence) seem to us now less dangerous than others (physical arrogance and greed of power) just because the long insistence of the Church has somewhat tamed mankind in one direction while leaving it in others as barbarous as before.

One of the great milestones in this re-ordering of Europe is the subject of this book, Pope Leo the Great, who reigned in the first half of the fifth century. His chief characteristics were a deep respect for law, a strong sense of justice, and a wise understanding of his office. His actual achievements may not have been dramatic. There are other Popes whose influence can be more readily appreciated. But Leo was like a wise and patient schoolmaster, training his flock through the persons of his bishops in temperance, justice, and respect for law. From a purely Catholic point of view his importance is more marked. For he it was who vindicated for the See of Rome first authority in the sphere of doctrine. This primacy of course was never fully granted. In no age has the Church of Rome sat securely upon her claims. But Leo did establish in theory, and more in fact than any previous Pope, Rome's supremacy in all doctrinal matters. Whether in the long run this was a good or a bad thing it would be impertinence to judge. Probably it was a necessary step in the establishment of a power which could unite and educate and impose order, however limited, on the wild warring states of Western Europe. In doctrinal matters I always feel at one with the Scottish professor who said he had been signing certificates of proficiency in two subjects which he did not believe existed, Christian Ethics and Practical Theology. I can see St. Leo's greatness far more clearly when he is sending practical advice to his bishops, trying to maintain a certain level of education and discipline in the Church and to forge a workable relationship between the central power at Rome and the provinces that looked to it for guidance.

I am no expert on the fifth century and do not presume to give a scholar's judgment, but it seems to me that Mr. Jalland has written a clear and learned account of the great Pope and his times, fully documented, able and cautious. St. Leo himself remains a little shadowy, but that is due to lack of material. Nothing of his survives but official letters and pronouncements, and even of these not nearly enough. But Mr. Jalland's description of the world in which Leo reigned, and over which he tried to extend order, is built up with such care and attention to detail that one could seek few better introductions to the period.

FLORA GRIERSON

A PLAN FOR VICTORY

War into Europe. By HUGH SLATER. *Gollancz.* 5*s.*

It is a sign of the times, deplorable but inevitable, that the political schism which manifested itself before the war in literature, painting, science and heaven knows what else should still be discernible in contemporary military criticism and theory. It would not matter so much were it not for the fact that the Right is, on the whole, wrong, while the Left, broadly speaking, is right. As a result, important books such as this, which deserve the most careful attention, are frequently considered from a wholly irrelevant point of view. Despite an ingenious dialectical flourish at the beginning, Mr. Slater is most careful to avoid coat-trailing and political controversy. But, and it is here that the schismatising difficulty occurs, military and political policy are not completely separable. It is for purely military reasons that we are urged to arm not only our own people but the revolutionary classes of Europe, for the same reasons we are to cultivate the friendship of Russia* and to base our discipline, not on blind obedience, but on education and initiative. I hope that everyone who is responsible for the lives of our troops will read this book and judge its proposals on military grounds alone. And that some intelligent and patriotic Conservative will write a preface to the next edition.

Attack in depth is the subtitle of the book and, despite an interesting chapter on morale and training, and an unnecessarily long polemical, chapter on the theories of Liddell Hart, it is its main theme. The war of attack and defence in depth, the two sides must be envisaged

* Written June 21st.

Company Meeting

FRIENDS' PROVIDENT AND CENTURY LIFE OFFICE

At the annual general meeting held on Wednesday in London Mr. Hugh E. Seebohm, J.P. (chairman) said:

The new Life Assurances effected by the office and its two associated companies, The Century Insurance Company and English Estates Assurance, amounted to £1,393,793.

The consideration for annuities granted was £453,808.

New Sinking Fund Assurances were granted in the Friends' Provident and The Century together for £223,392.

The reduction in new business contributed to a fall in the ratio of expenses.

Mortality profit was severely reduced in 1940 by a strain of £30,000 in respect of persons killed as a result of enemy action. There still remained, however, a small profit, and the relation of the amounts of actual to expected claims was 83 per cent., after inclusion of the war claims.

The rate of interest earned was reduced to £4 9s. 5d. per cent. before, and £3 4s. 1d. per cent. after deduction of income tax. If the alternative method of applying income tax deducted from annuities to the improvement of net interest were used the net rate would be £3 18s. per cent.

In view of the special difficulties of the present time, the Directors have reconsidered their policy in regard to the payment of Interim Bonus to With-Profit Policyholders. They have decided to continue to pay interim bonuses in respect of each premium due and paid for the years 1935–1939, but to cease to pay interim bonus in respect of premiums due and paid for 1940 onwards.

The utmost saving is now essential on the part of a much greater proportion of the public than was formerly thought to be the case.

At a time when rates of interest are on a 3 per cent. basis for the British Government, and approximately 3½ per cent. for other first-class securities (such rates being subject to the normal income tax of 10s. 0d. in the pound), an investment in Life Assurance, although the premium rates have been somewhat increased, still provides the investor with an excellent return on his money, whether in the event of early death or upon maturity of the Policy at the end of an agreed number of years.

Serious although the effects of the war have been upon the well-being of life offices, the directors feel that, in many respects, we have fared relatively better than might have been expected. Our business has withstood its special difficulties so far as they have yet revealed themselves, and this success gives us hope and courage to face the problems which are yet to come.

The report was adopted.

SPECIALISED TRAINING

ANSTEY PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE
(Approved Shelters).
Complete Teachers' Training for Girls in all Branches of Physical Education, Gymnastics, Games, Dancing, etc. Recognised training centre for London University Diploma in Physical Education and Certificate of the Chartered Society of Massage and Medical Gymnastics.
Apply: SECRETARY, Anstey College, Erdington, Birmingham.

SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL AND AFRICAN STUDIES
University of London.
Temporary Address:
Broadway Court, 8 Broadway, London, S.W.1 (Abbey 1897).
The School is a University Institution giving instruction for University degrees in the Faculty of Arts. During the present emergency it is providing elementary and other courses for those whose duties, military or civil, may require a knowledge of an Asiatic or African language and for those who may seek admission to Services which will take them to Asia or to Africa.
A certain number of free places for full or part-time instruction will be granted for next session to boys and girls who are between the ages of 16 and 18 at the beginning of the session on October 9th, and who wish to begin the study of Arabic, Chinese, Hausa, Hindustani (Urdu and Hindi), Japanese, Malay, Persian, Sanskrit, Swahili, Turkish.
Part-time courses will be available for those at school and full-time courses for those who have left school. Applicants, who must have attained matriculation or school certificate standard, should apply through the head of their school.
For further particulars and for details of vacation courses and of University degrees in Oriental languages, apply to the Registrar.

SUMMER SCHOOL

THE Fifth Roel Summer School of Puppetry will be held at Roel Farm in the Cotswolds from August 16th to 30th. Full particulars from OLIVE BLACKHAM, Eton House, Wellington Street, Cheltenham.

INTERNATIONAL YOUTH CENTRE, Croft School, Stratford-on-Avon. Aug. 1st—Sept. 2nd. 35s. per week. Open to young people of all nations. Information from Hon. Sec., ELSIE A. SHELDON-WALTON, 16 Girton Rd., Cambridge.

PERSONAL

HANDWEAVERS & other craftsmen wishing to exhibit write: WAINWRIGHT, Pear Tree Cott., Helford, Helston, Cornwall.

SECRETARIAL work (anywhere except London) wanted by girl (19), shorthand, typewriting, 8 months' experience (partly with author). Box 9478.

ASSISTANT master wanted to take charge next September of Modern Languages in small Public School in the country. State additional qualifications. Box 9490.

DIVAN Room, sharing communal kitchen, offered man or woman. Share of expenses, 17s. 6d. Pri. 0878.

MARKET GARDENING. Czech solicitor, no experience, desires to learn. Might invest small capital. Box 9506.

EVACUATION and holiday billeting of East End children. Part of Pacifist Service by P.S.U., 6 Endsleigh Street, London, W.1.

MEDICAL student would be grateful for active progressive warwork, part-time, voluntary. Two months full-time now. Adaptable, initiative. Private or organised. Any suggestions. Driving, stimulating. Box 9515.

THE SUNDAY PRACTICE ORCHESTRA meets Sunday mornings, 10.30–12.30 at Cecil Sharp House, Regent's Park Road, N.W.1. Vacancies for good players in most sections. Hon. Sec., 24 Fairacres, Roehampton Lane, S.W.15.

WANTED by bachelor (35) exp. manservant or housekeeper for small house in country. Four miles from Walsall, 10 miles from Birmingham. Refugee acceptable. Box 9483.

GIVE German lessons in exchange for lessons in pure and applied maths. (L.U. Intermediate Syllabus). Box 9484.

VEGETARIANS (2) require rural accom. with opportunity for gardening. Musical. Cycling distance of station for daily access City. Bucks, Herts preferred. Box 9486.

WAR NERVES, diaphragmatic breathing restored by manipulative treatment. ERNEST HOPKINS, 51 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6.

MISS OLLIVIER, Colonic Irrigation, Rheumatism, Constipation. Trained. Write Colnbrook, Bucks. Wel. 9711.

SMOKING HABIT CURED. Quick. Safe. Scientific. Write for Partics. and Booklet of genuine remedy FREE. MR. S. VICTOR, Victor House, Lawson Road, Colwyn Bay.

WORLD'S RECORD BROKEN: "SOCIALIST SIXTH OF THE WORLD," by the Dean of Canterbury. Gollancz. 3s. 6d.

ENVLP. Reseal Labels, 250 2s., 500 3s. 6d.; Manila Envs. 500 5s. 6d. HODGSON (Dept. N), Printer, Bradford.

BIRTH CONTROL TO-DAY, by Dr. Marie Stopes, 2s. 4d. post free. Mothers' Clinic functioning though three times bombed. 108 Whitfield Street, London, W.1.

BERMALINE BREAD is Wheatmeal heavily reinforced with "Bermaline" pure Extract of Barley Malt. Most nourishing. Ask your Baker, or write Bermaline, Fairley Street, Glasgow, S.W.1.

MONOMARKS. Permanent London address. 5s. p.a. Patronised by Royalty. Write BM/MONO12, W.C.1.

SHIRTS MADE TO MEASURE by experts. Our "Dublewear" Reversible Shirt ensures months of extra wear. Send for Patterns and measurement chart. SEYMOUR (Dept. N), Horton Road, Bradford.

ACCORDING to A. S. Neill "Kingston is right in every way." Particulars:—Secretary, Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

HOW to stop smoking. Quick, cheap, lasting, harmless, as grateful 1,000's testify. Either sex. Write: CARLTON CHEMICALS, 251, Birmingham.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE. 1 Divan-bed with mattress and detachable top. Good condition, sound quality. Will accept any reasonable offer. Box 9524.

RESEARCH Unit (communal household) evacuated to Bucks-Middx. border, would be grateful for loan of men's and women's bicycles. Careful treatment guaranteed. Box 9500.

RADIO sets, etc., purchased or exchanged. Fair prices given. DRAZIN LTD., 59 Heath Street, London, N.W.3. HAMpstead 6633.

FILE of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION from October 13th, 1928, to date. What offers? Box 9514.

MINIATURE cameras wanted. Leica, Contax, Rolleiflex, etc. Highest prices in England offered. WALLACE HEATON, LTD., 127 New Bond Street, W.1.

YOUR favourite suit copied exactly in "John Peel" Cumberland Tweed, £5 5s. 0d., tax extra. Fit guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns free. REDMAYNE, 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

PLAY THE PIANO in 3 months. New home method. Write for free lesson. Klavarskribo 1 (Z.B.), St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.4.

CRESTA

Save your coupons until you see what you want at a Cresta shop!

- Cresta materials wear well.
- Cresta styles do not date.
- Cresta cut retains its shape.
- Cresta fitters know good fitting means extra wear.

There are Cresta shops in London, Bristol, Bournemouth, Brighton.

Write for the illustrated Cresta catalogue and particulars of our repair service to:

Postal Service Dept., Cresta Silks Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

All-London Demonstration

in support of Professor Haldane's telegram to the Prime Minister requesting the lifting of the ban on the

DAILY WORKER

Sunday, July 6th, 7 p.m.
MONTAGUE PLACE
(behind British Museum)

Speakers include:
Professor J. B. HALDANE
HARRY POLLITT
Chair: George Allison

To defend Democracy!
For Solidarity with the Soviet Union!
LIFT THE BAN ON DAILY WORKER NOW!

PURELY PERSONAL

"TIME IS MONEY" but a King Six Cigar provides many an hour of happy satisfaction for only 8d.

POETRY (London)

No. 6 Enlarged 1st Anniversary Number, 52pp
Presenting 25 poets.
Bi-monthly 1/3, post paid. Annual Subscription 7/-.

PL PAMPHLETS

PL Pamphlet No. 1: The Song of a Red Turtle, Poems by George Scurfield, 1/2 post paid. No. 2: A Dream Observed and other poems by Anne Ridler will be ready in July.

Edit. by Tambimuttu, 25 Marchmont St., W.C.1

I enclose 7/- annual subscription to Poetry (also.....for PL Pamphlets Nos.....).

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

SOVIET MUSIC

THE WORKERS' MUSIC ASSOCIATION,
9 Gt. Newport Street, London, W.C.2,
has published and recorded a number of popular Soviet Russian songs and instrumental pieces.
A stamped addressed envelope will bring you lists.
IDEAL FOR MEETINGS, RECITALS, ETC.

HALDANE to CHURCHILL

The following telegram has been sent to the Prime Minister by the chairman of the Editorial Board of the DAILY WORKER:

"In view of your statement re *turning point of war and tasks of all free peoples, ask you consider immediate withdrawal of order suppressing DAILY WORKER."*

The DAILY WORKER was suppressed on January 21st without trial or right of appeal. Two million trade unionists have demanded the lifting of the ban.

WILL YOU HELP?

For further information write to: The Organiser, DAILY WORKER Defence Leagues, Premier House, 150 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

together, as described and foreseen here, is a conflict in which the entire concept of bases, fronts, lines and flanks is amended almost to the point of extinction. The front is wherever the opposing armies may be, it is also the civil population, if one can still use that expression, the base may at any moment become the front and the opposing forces operate without flanks or rear, and without lines of communication, or rather these exist only on a large scale.

In such a war the nation in arms can no longer be a defenceless organism living within a protective armature, but must become a vertebrate whose defensive strength is distributed in a resilient pattern throughout the system. The offensive arms must include a vast airborne striking force which may in future be armoured, and the army as a whole must be mechanised to the greatest possible extent and assisted in every stage of the offensive attack by a carefully organised fifth column. For the conduct of such a war it is necessary to have an army powerful in machines rather than in numbers: Mr. Slater suggests a volunteer army, in which the scientist will play an ever-increasing part. This supported by an armed civil population which will undertake the dual role of producers and Home Guards.

If this be the nature of the war of the future, and the lessons of Crete would seem to show that it is, then various drastic changes may have to be made in our military organisation. We must begin training parachutists on an enormous scale, we must prepare the allied armies for a vital role in our future continental offensives. The whole nature of the Home Guard will have to be altered. But the most striking conclusion is theoretical. It may best be given in Mr. Slater's own words.

> The technical machinery of war has developed in such a way as to make it impossible for a Fascist Dictatorship to organise against the modern tri-dimensional strategy of attack in depth, and nowadays the detailed means of successful military campaigns demand a democratic regime.

To judge the truth of this assertion one should read this book. To prove it we must act on the book's advice. Clearly, therefore, it is a book which must be read.

QUENTIN BELL

A GOOD BOOK

One Foot in Heaven. By HARTZELL SPENCE. *Harrap.* 8s. 6d.

At first this book appears to be humorous fiction, a notion supported by the feeble "comic" illustrations, and then one discovers that it is a biography of an American Wesleyan minister written by his son. It is humorous, but it is also touching, for the author has succeeded in expressing the admiration that he feels for his father's goodness. The book is so successful largely because Mr. Spence has combined affectionate appreciation with intellectual detachment. He is simultaneously, not alternatively, amused and admiring; and the reader comes to share these feelings. One watches with delight the serpentine wisdom with which the minister defeats the plots of his enemies, and triumphs over the richer and therefore recalcitrant members of his flock. With no less pleasure one watches his occasional defeats at the hands of his own family. The story is for the most part told in dialogue, for which the author has an uncommon gift. Indeed, it has all the merits of a lively novel: we experience suspense, and share the narrator's sympathies and antipathies. The tale of how the minister obtained an organ and a peal of bells for his new church is in itself a brilliant short story. The picture of how men and women live in the American small town is much more convincing than what we get from most novels on the subject, because the author writes from understanding instead of from dislike. Although the book is principally a study of character, it shows the change that in the last fifty years has come over American Methodism. One by one the old taboos have disappeared—Sabbatarianism, the veto on dancing, on cards, on divorce, on litigation between Wesleyans. The revivalist who preached the Redeeming Blood has turned into God's salesman—a development that the author appears to approve. But one may suspect that the vitality of Wesleyanism has been sapped by this process irretrievably. The strength of a religion is not independent of its narrowness. But to delight in this book one does not need to be interested in religion. It is a modest masterpiece of humour and controlled pathos.

R. M.

A DEGREE FOR YOU!

The Matriculation exam. need not deter those who have left their school days behind. London University Degree candidates over 23 may take the *shorter* Special Entrance Exam. Wolsey Hall Postal Courses offer many advantages: low fees, instalment terms, free loan of books, and, in the event of failure, continuation of tuition free of charge. 978 Wolsey Hall students have passed this examination.

Write for Free Guide to C. D. Parker, M.A. LL.D., Director of Studies, Department VH12,

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

A Postal Subscription, post free, to any address in the world costs: One year, 32s. 6d. Six months, 16s. 3d., Three months, 8s. 6d.

CLASSIFIED RATES.

2s. 3d. per line per insertion. Minimum 2 lines. Add 1s. for Box Numbers. Copy should arrive not later than first post Tuesday.

NEW STATESMAN & NATION,
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

Week-end Competitions

No. 596

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The usual prizes are offered for the best worst line or lines of English poetry taken preferably from the great. Name of author and poem must be given and also sufficient context. An example occurs in Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*:

> But tell me, tell me! speak again,
> Thy soft response renewing—
> What makes that ship drive on so fast?
> What is the ocean doing?

Competitors are warned to go easy on "Wilkinson's Spade," etc.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, July 13th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 593

Set by Doll Tearsheet

A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half-a-Guinea are offered for the best report of a conversation between a cat and a dog. Entries not to exceed 250 words.

Report by Doll Tearsheet

Martin Walsh's dog says: "I bet it's an easy competition in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Look how happy Walsh looks!" Evidently this opinion was widely shared, and an enormous pile of entries has resulted. But the easiness was only apparent, and precious few competitors stayed the course. They showed keen appreciation of the feline and canine natures, but found difficulty in hitting on an appropriate style. There were a great many jokes about rationing, aggressors, night-life and lamp-posts. H. Samuel Platt's dog began neatly: "I wish you would stop talking about your operation." Obric, D. D. R., Towanbucket, D. W. Barker, H. W. Unna, L. M. J., Hilda Howes, W. H. G. Price, Willy Tadpole, Gerald Summers, M. Snow, Opry Macedon, Evelyn Bacon, J. H. Bentley and G. D. G. were among the best entrants. After much hesitation I recommend G. D. G. for Second Prize, and the First Prize undoubtedly should go to Archy's imitation of Don Marquis.

FIRST PRIZE

MEHITABEL AND RED RAB

well boss its a small world
who should pass my sandbag
in piccadilly london england
but mehitabel the cat
with a scotch terrier i know
called red rab
i come from clydeside says the dog
i am a communist
i am an artist says mehitabel
but my work has been interrupted
by one damn batch of kittens after another
and lately by one damn siren after another
are you a student of communism asks rab
i am a student of lamour replies mehitabel
making eyes at him
find me a soapbox says the dog
i will proclaim the coming revolution
to this nation of sleepwalkers
revolutions are a waste of time
says mehitabel
like looking for cream or tinned salmon
in this city
you are only a good time girl snarls rab
i cannot discuss politics
with a piccadilly pickup
i am a lady you big slob says mehitabel
otherwise i would remove your eyes
for that remark
however i will forget myself sufficiently
to shred that left ear of yours
as she did so the sirens wailed
excuse me says mehitabel
i have a date to play wardens post
with an a f s cat
and leaving the terrier howling
she darted off among the shrapnel
singing as follows
i revel in
the ack ack din
i am the warden's pet
so cheerio my dearie
there's a dance in the old dame yet

boss i fear she has not changed ARCHY

SECOND PRIZE

"Good evening," said the Cat, "so you are the new dog?"

"Yes, I have just arrived for the week-end" said the latter, pleasantly. "Grand place this."

"Quite young, aren't you," said the Cat coldly: "Been with THEM long?"

"A few days only."

The Cat looked him up and down:

"Bought or given away?"

"A present," growled the Dog. "What are you—a stray?"

"I was taken over with this house some years ago," was the haughty reply. "Regular milk and good hunting in the fields, so I stayed on. Nights out, of course," said the Cat appreciatively.

"What do you do at night?" asked the Dog, anxious for information.

The Cat looked down her whiskers: "You are shut in the kennel at night; earlier if you take up too much of the hearth," she added quickly. "No soppy sentiment here, you know; THEY are all right, of course, but quite advanced."

"Advanced?"

"LEFT," said the Cat, briefly, "But not too far. They still eat fish and meat." The dog looked confused. "They discuss your habits in front of strangers—scientifically," said the Cat quickly as the Dog looked fierce. "Your predecessor had few habits worthy of discussion."

"What happened to him?" said the Dog, anxiously.

"He ate too much." The Cat seemed bored.

"Not given away?" faltered the Dog.

"Written off," said the Cat, stretching herself pleasurably: "Good night."

G. D. G.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By URBANUS

THE RAILWAY RISK—GAS EQUITIES—OIL OUTLOOK —AMERICAN LOAN

AFTER their unexpectedly sustained rise at the end of last week, the stock markets have been marking time—except in the railway market where bold investors and speculators seem to be taking an interest. It is curious to read in the *Financial News* that the railway agreement was always unpopular with the railways, was disliked by the public and by traders and was only welcomed on the Stock Exchange until its weaknesses were found out. For all I know, this may be a true statement of fact. The railway managers may have genuinely thought that they could have "put over" the Government a still more favourable agreement to themselves. If so, it shows how dangerously out of touch are the railway executives with public opinion. An agreement which enables the railways to keep half the earnings in excess of the pre-war instead of giving up the whole lot to the Inland Revenue as other traders do under E.P.T. (which is broadly what it amounts to) was shocking enough, but a clause *compelling* the Government to raise rates and charges to meet every increase in costs was crudely one-sided and dangerously inflationary. Since the agreement was made this clause about costs and charges has only been invoked twice. The advances authorised gave the railways a 16⅔ per cent. increase on pre-war charges but only covered the actual increase in costs up to the end of June, 1940. Since then costs have risen considerably but railway charges have not been advanced because the Government dare not outrage public opinion again. The result is that the Government is in effect committed to subsidising the railways, as it is already subsidising certain vendors of foodstuffs and as it contemplates subsidising coal, electricity and gas companies. But at what point will the railway subsidy be imposed? Will it be on the minimum guarantee of net revenues of £41 millions a year? A settlement of this question cannot be much longer delayed. The railway half-year has ended, the new Ministry of War Transport has been in operation for some months and further delay is hardly fair to the railway stock holders who are merely asking to be put out of their misery of uncertainty. The yields afforded by the marginal railway stocks on the basis of the minimum guarantee are still generous. The market obviously fears that if net revenues have fallen below the minimum guarantee the Government will scale its guarantee down before it begins to subsidise. But what do "scraps of paper" mean in this country?

* * *

The expectation that the Government will grant a subsidy to the gas industry to avoid a further advance in charges is causing some demand for gas supply company shares. This is an understandable move for gas equities are among the few Stock Exchange ordinary shares which have suffered heavily from the war and which are bound to make some recovery when peace returns. Here are some examples:

	Low Price	Present Price	Last Div.
Gas Light and Coke ..	9/9	11/9	Nil
South Metropolitan ..	29	42	2%
Wandsworth Gas ..	57½	63	4%
British Gas Light ..	70	80	6%

Whether the gas companies will get back their former trade now that the public has had a wider experience of service from the electricity companies is another matter.

* * *

It was difficult to gain much information from the speech of the Chairman of the Shell Transport and Trading Company. For security reasons, Lord Bearsted could divulge nothing about the extent of the damage caused to their properties on the Continent, but he feared it must be considerable. This is the reason why the Shell directors have to make very large appropriations for depreciation and for rebuilding reserves and to keep their dividends at a modest 5 per cent., tax free. But whether an international oil concern will ever be able to trade freely again on the Continent of Europe entirely depends upon the sort of Europe that emerges after the war. The distribution of petrol and oil has become a public utility service and will tend to be taken over by the State in all countries where the practice of socialism is advanced. But Europe is only part of an international oil company's field. There will be plenty of profitable opportunities for trading in other parts of the world. What is more significant for oil shareholders at the present time is the undoubted improvement in the statistical position. The flush production in the Illinois fields is coming to an end, so that there has been no important change in crude oil stocks since August, 1940. In the meantime, the demand for motor fuel is now rapidly increasing and withdrawals from stocks are now being made, Lord Bearsted said, at a much faster rate than during the corresponding period of 1940. He described the statistical position to-day as "measurably stronger." It is significant that the export prices for motor fuel are 25 per cent. higher to-day than a year ago at the Gulf ports of America. This is the index for prosperity for international oil companies.

* * *

A correspondent enquires about the coming American loan to the British Government. When the Lease and Lend Act was passed we owed America on outstanding orders about $1,000 million. Our marketable and direct investments at that time were estimated at $1,450 million, so that if Mr. Jesse Jones took over these investments as collateral he might be able to lend us sufficient to meet our outstanding debts.

Company Meeting

"SHELL" TRANSPORT & TRADING COMPANY

FINANCIAL STRENGTH MAINTAINED

The annual general meeting of the "Shell" Transport and Trading Co. Ltd. was held on Tuesday in London, the Rt. Hon. Viscount Bearsted, M.C. (the chairman), presiding.

The following are extracts from the chairman's address, which was circulated with the report and accounts:

The group has continued to respond to all calls made upon its services.

It will be noted that, as for many years past, the financial strength of the company has been maintained.

Again this year it is impossible to give you any indication of the present trend of the earnings of the companies in which we are interested. We are still without information as to the extent of damage caused to our property in any of the occupied territories, but we fear it must be considerable. Hence the need for a cautious policy on the part of the operating companies. As a direct result of the war, the inevitable restriction in the volume of trade, of which I warned you last year, has unfortunately been realised.

Turning now to the United States of America, the increase in demand for petroleum products as a result of the National Defence programme has required considerable expansion throughout the industry which is in an excellent position to cope with any demands that may be made upon its resources, and I am pleased to record here that Shell Union is playing its full part in this development.

Statistically the year was noteworthy for the fact that record levels were obtained in the volume of crude oil produced, amounting to some 1,352,009,000 barrels for the year, or about 6.9 per cent. above 1939, in refinery operations and, despite reduced export business, in the total demand for crude petroleum.

The report was unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

CABLE AND WIRELESS (HOLDING)

CONTRIBUTION TO WAR EFFORT

THE 12th Annual General Meeting of Cable and Wireless (Holding), Limited, was held on June 30th, in London, the Rt. Hon. Lord Pender (the Governor) presiding.

The following is a summary of the Governor's statement circulated with the report and accounts.

The requisitioning of certain American and other comparatively high-yielding holdings at a time when suitable stocks affording a moderate return had been in increasingly short supply, had presented investors, and particularly institutional investors, with a difficult problem as regarded re-investment. The necessity to support the war effort to the greatest extent possible, on terms which quite rightly demanded the acceptance of a very small return, was another factor involved in that problem.

With regard to investments as a whole, the past year had witnessed some recovery in prices generally. The market for high-class fixed-interest-bearing stocks had continued strong, the rise in British Government Securities being outstanding. The experience of the holder of the leading ordinary shares had not been so satisfactory, as increased income tax, a 100 per cent. E.P.T. and limitation of supplies for civilian consumption had all tended to increase the hazards for equity holdings and to remove any prospect of recovery in the near future.

The reserve fund investments, having a book value of £13,725,845, were valued at December 31st last at £11,150,093, showing a depreciation of 19 per cent. as against 17 per cent. at the end of the previous year. The income from investments received in 1940 amounted to £540,234, compared with £547,572 in the previous year. The associated companies were making no mean contribution to the national effort and playing a part in the realisation of a new era when oppression and aggression were spectres of the past and sanity prevailed in the counsels of all men.

The report was unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

ODHAMS PRESS

PROBLEM OF PAPER SUPPLIES

THE twenty-first annual general meeting of Odhams Press, Ltd., was held on June 26th in London.

Lord Southwood of Fernhurst (chairman and managing director), after dealing with the items in the accounts, said that while the copyrights stood at a very conservative valuation the general reserve fund now practically equalled the total of such copyrights.

One of their main problems had been the supply of paper. When the Scandinavian countries were overrun all supplies of paper and pulp from that source ceased. Up to that time the company had taken all its supplies from English mills, who, in their turn, depended mainly upon Scandinavian sources for their raw material. A company, the Newsprint Supply Company, Ltd., had been formed by the newspaper proprietors for the purpose of the co-operative buying of newsprint manufactured in Canada and Newfoundland to supplement that which could still be produced by the home mills. Newspapers had generously agreed to pool their stocks for the benefit of those who had smaller or no stocks.

Weekly periodicals and magazines not only had to reduce their sizes and number of pages but to suspend or amalgamate temporarily in order to preserve the goodwill of the more important properties.

The company's newspapers and publications had always been held in the highest regard and supported by all the great national advertisers. He felt it a privilege to pay a warm tribute to them for their co-operation in helping them to cope with the difficulty involved in the drastic rationing of advertisement space.

The directors had had under consideration an employees' life assurance and pension scheme and had set aside the sum of £75,000 for the purpose of its establishment.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted and a dividend on the Ordinary shares at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum, as against 6 per cent. last year, was approved.